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HE OFFERED his own body to God the Father upon the altar of the cross as a victim for our reconciliation, and he shed his own blood both to redeem and cleanse us, that we, being bought back from a wretched slavery, might be washed from all our sins. And then, that the memory of so great a benefit might abide in us, he left his body to be our food and his blood to be our drink, to be received by the faithful under the species of bread and wine.

—St. Thomas Aquinas in *Motins of Corpus Christi*.

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and books, and upon non-Catholic sources as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic publications. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: And now, brethren, all that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts.



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Editor: PAUL BUSSARD
Managing Editor: LOUIS A. GALES

Assistant Editors: Francis B. Thornton, Kenneth Ryan, Edward A. Harrigan,
Harold J. O'Loughlin, Ralph Thibodeau, Ethelyn Burns.





How sleep the brave

Burial Party

By WALTER LE BEAU

MONICA, mother of the great St. Augustine, was certain that she was soon to die of her illness. She was in Italy, far from her Numidian home in Tagaste. Friends urged her to return that she might be buried in her native soil. I am thinking of our thousands of American soldier dead when I say that she gave them the perfect answer. "Bury me here, for nowhere is far from God. Only remember me at the altars of God wherever you go."

While I was in training school I learned how solicitous the War Department was in the matter of its dead; I was amazed at the mass of detail chaplains were expected to master concerning burial and the making of proper reports. We were even given elementary training in map drawing so that the lo-

cations of graves would not be lost.

Nearly all bereaved American parents of soldier dead have heard of the adoption of graves by the people of Holland and other Allied countries and of the care lavished on the American cemeteries. But I remember an incident that took place while I was stationed on a Pacific island that shows that even the natives there seemed to sense the importance Americans attach to the respectful care of the dead and the keeping of accurate records.

One morning I received a communique from Washington ordering me to transfer immediately a body from one of the islands on the atoll to the cemetery island of my own station. That was all.

The island where this officer was buried was not known, but the details of his death were. The



poor fellow was blown to his death by a mine that had drifted ashore. It was his job to deactivate it. It seems he had trouble with the mechanism, and decided to explode the mine by building a fire over it. It turned out to be a typical 4th-of-July accident. The fire shot up, died down, and nothing happened. The officer finally walked up to the mine, and when he got close it blew. His companions found only a little of him, but what they found they buried right there, and marked the grave with a wooden cross bearing his name, rank, serial number, and date of his death. If the island had a name no one knew it, but a record of the man's death and burial was sent to Washington, and the Navy did not forget him. They insisted I move his body, but where was I to find it?

A map of the atoll only made me feel more helpless. Hundreds of small islands seemed disconcertingly alike, jungled with cocoanut and pandanus trees. A brief canvass of the men on the station led nowhere, for most of the personnel had been changed in the meantime. There was only one other thing to do, one possible chance, and I sought out my friend Capelle.

Capelle was a native employed as an interpreter by the military government. He spoke English, as well as three or four other western languages, and Japanese. When I approached him Capelle shook his head and informed me, with a smile baring his gleaming teeth, that he knew nothing about it. But he offered the suggestion that I go to the island of *E* ---, where the chief

of the atoll was living at the time. Perhaps, he said, someone there would know.

So the next morning I requested the crash boat and a working party of three men, and by ten o'clock we were on our way, with Capelle as guide, to *E*. We stayed on the lagoon side. A crew member climbed into the crow's nest and kept a sharp eye out for reefs and coral bars. It was nearly noon when we sighted *E*, and Capelle took over as pilot. He got us in as close as possible, and we went ashore in a rubber boat. The old chief was standing on the bank, his hair very white above his dark skin. He was robust for his age, kindly, and anxious to please. His solemn welcome made me feel like a foreign dignitary.

Capelle stated our mission; the chief listened gravely. I watched him closely, and saw the slightest flicker of perception dot his eyes, a flicker that would have made Charles Laughton envious. Then he barked a few words to an eager circle of nearly naked boys, who scattered like startled chickens. In a few minutes the boys returned with a middle-aged man, some of them running ahead of him, others surrounding him as though they feared he might escape them, while still others trailed behind, a bit doubtful about the whole business. The native boys have beautiful, intelligent eyes, which from the excitement, curiosity, and wonderment shone like black agates. In contrast, the man they brought to the feet of the chief was apprehensive.

A brief conversation in subdued,

well-modulated tones took place between the chief and his subject. Then Capelle turned to me and said that we would go with the man. I was introduced to him, and learned that he carried the sonorous name of Ditosonni. He shook my hand shyly, with much bowing and shuffling of feet.

Ditosonni led us a merry chase through the orderly, clean little village. He was barefoot, and now burning with eagerness and a sense of importance; and our feet were heavily shod with GI shoes. The boys came along, eyeing us curiously but confidently, and dashing like rabbits in and out of the group. Native women squatting along the way, some with babies in their arms and others leisurely rubbing clothes with smooth stones to get them spotlessly white, watched us with a quiet look in their dark eyes that I thought was more of pity than anything else. I am sure they did not envy us, however much they may have been awed by our presence.

We arrived at the guide's hut in a few minutes. I was out of breath and perspiring like a wrestler. But Ditosonni stopped at the door and insisted with many gestures that I enter first. He motioned to a pandanus mat and I understood he wanted me to sit down. I was glad to do it, for the climate is fearfully enervating to a white man.

From underneath the single cot in the hut Ditosonni drew a small wooden box, by which I knew he was a man of consequence. It had a hinged cover and a padlock. He fumbled with the

lock while everyone, including the boys, squatted in breathless silence. He lifted the lid reverently, and slowly began to remove the contents onto a small mat. Here, I knew, were his prized possessions. The boys' eyes devoured each item: a flashlight, pocket knife, some pieces of colored cloth neatly folded, an assortment of rare sea shells that made me envious myself, a tin pillbox, and, most curious of all for a man who perhaps never wore shoes in his life, a pair of black shoestrings still in their paper wrapper. He handled each article with extreme care and his cautious hand closed eventually on a small black notebook. Squatting on the coral floor, he fumbled through its pages. Then his eyes lighted triumphantly, as he handed me the book, pointing at some laborious lettering. There it was: the name, rank, serial number, and date of death of the man we were looking for, copied, as I learned later, exactly as it was written, even to position and spacing, on the cross.

The silence, by this time, had become almost audible. I broke it by requesting Capelle to ask Ditosonni if he knew the location of the grave. The answer came, Yes. Would he accompany us and help us find it? Yes! I asked Capelle to thank him, and I stood up. My action electrified the boys. They were up and gone in an audible swish. The rest of us headed back for the boat at a typical native pace, slow and dignified. The boys must have spread the news along the way, for as we passed the women they smiled at us happily, nodding their

heads approvingly at Ditosonni. He held his head erect, and with eyes forward pretended not to notice.

We went aboard and lifted anchor. Capelle informed the captain that the guide insisted we go out of the lagoon onto the ocean side. Ditosonni pointed out the pass.

By comparison with the lagoon the ocean is rough; and a crash boat is a small, twin-screw, speedy boat. At 20 knots it leaped and bounded like a determined retriever in tall grass. It was impossible to stand on deck without holding onto something. But Ditosonni squatted on the bow completely relaxed. He reminded me of a seasoned Texan sitting a wild bronco.

We passed island after island, to me not one of them different from another, for more than an hour. Ditosonni did not even glance at the islands but kept his eyes steadfastly on the water, and I began to wonder if he had forgotten where we were going. The captain and I exchanged questioning glances; the pilot kept the boat on an even course. But Capelle assured us that our guide knew what he was doing.

He certainly did. All at once he stood up and came aft where the captain and I were clinging to the mast directly behind the helmsman. I was often told that these natives were excellent sailors in their little outrigger canoes, but the way this man walked the deck aroused even the captain's admiration. He circled us without a word or look and took his place beside the pilot. Shortly he pointed out the pass

into the lagoon and the captain ordered the engines reduced. It was an extremely narrow pass but Ditosonni directed us down the middle of it, and now began the treacherous business of approaching the island. Ditosonni knew every square inch of that lagoon. I think he could tell by the delicate shading of the water where we could enter safely under prevailing tidal conditions. We approached by a slow circuitous route to within about 500 yards of shore. Ditosonni proclaimed that we could do no better, and no one argued with him. We dropped anchor. Our rubber boat accommodated only four men. I took Capelle, Ditosonni, and one seaman ashore with me. The two natives rowed the boat, using the light oars as canoe paddles, never once splashing water. They were as much at home in that bobbing bubble as an American boy on a bicycle, and they wasted less energy.

As soon as we had pulled the boat up on the sand Ditosonni made a bee-line down the shore, then suddenly turned at a right angle about 50 feet into the jungle, and stopped. When we caught up with him he was standing beside a small mound of coral and a cross. That he knew the exact location of the grave did not surprise me; by this time I had admitted the whole thing was uncanny and let it go at that.

We began digging, wondering what we would find. The first thing we threw up was a bone that looked to me as if it might belong to the forearm of a man's body. The moment it appeared, Capelle, who was a Cath-

olic, took off his sun helmet and made the sign of the cross, putting the seaman and me to shame. I guess we had seen this too often. Ditosonni was unaffected; the natives who have remained pagan in those parts have not the slightest fear of death. I said a brief prayer and we resumed digging. About all we found were a few more bones from which the ants had picked the flesh, a portion of the skull and some hair. There was nothing else. We took the remains back to the crash boat in a small wooden box.

As we pulled up at *E* again to put Ditosonni ashore I wondered what I could give him for having saved me endless correspondence with the War Department. I asked Capelle, and he held a brief conversation with him. "He says he smokes," Capelle offered, grinning from ear to ear. I went below deck and came up with two cartons of

cigarettes. A \$10 tip to a waiter who expected only \$1 could not have produced more affability. Ditosonni was still thanking me after he went over the side and was half way to shore.

The next day I buried the remains of the ensign on our own cemetery island. He received full military honors, but the burial party had easy work; it does not take a very large hole to hold a small box. A week later I returned with a concrete headstone on which was inscribed his name, rank, division, serial number, and date of death.

I was glad to be able to report to Washington that the order was secured. I did not tell them how it happened, for I doubt whether they would have appreciated it, and I might have had to make a report on the two cartons of cigarettes. They are sticklers for detail down there.



Where Time Is Bent

RECENT tricks played by the International Date Line have been penitently innocent, ever since it shared in the only unsavory gag to mar its history of service to mankind. In 1884, when the line was first plotted, it crossed a sugar plantation in Fiji. The planter worked his acres with indentured laborers. Slaves, that is.

Missionaries had worked hard to make sure all workers got Sunday off. The planter, feeling cheated out of a day's work, quickly snapped at the Date Line to trick the missionaries and slaves. As soon as it fell legally across his plantation he began working his labor east of the line on Saturday, then marching them over next morning to the west, where it was Monday.

The missionaries, seeing labor done out of its day of rest, at once complained to the International Meridian conference. As part of its punishment for abetting the greed of a planter, the International Date Line is bent today to avoid the Fiji islands.

James C. G. Conniff in *Columbia* (March '47).

***** Told you so *****

The World Catches Up

● By JOSEPH A. BREIG ●

Condensed from the
*Catholic Universe Bulletin**

THE Catholic press has always had the curious idea that what the people really want, whether they know it or not, is the truth, the whole truth, even the unpalatable truth. Nobody likes unpleasant facts; nobody wants to go to the doctor and be told that the illness is serious; everybody would enjoy going through life wearing rose-colored glasses and blowing bubbles. That's human nature.

I am as human as anybody, but when the chips are down, I prefer to know where I stand; most of us would. In the long run, I say, the people want honesty, in doctors and statesmen and newspapers. Even if it were otherwise, we Catholic newspapermen would all have to be honest anyhow. We'd have to tell the truth even if we lost all our readers. More than that, we've got to be honest with ourselves. We've got to face facts as they are, not as we might like them to be.

Dishonesty is wrong, including intellectual and spiritual dishonesty. Lying is wrong. Shading the truth to please the public is wrong. Leading folks into a fool's paradise is wrong.

The Catholic journalist can have no choice. He can't be Catholic and false, even with that cunning sort of falsehood which consists in prating piously

about sweetness and light while the darkness closes in.

Often, people have said to us that we were doing too much hollering about communism. Before that, they said we were hollering too much about nazism and fascism. "You," they said to us, "are too negative. Instead of being against something, be for something." We thought we were being both, but we could see their point. The point was that the thing we were against was manifesting itself much more dramatically than the things we were for. But the complaint sounded good. It made the complainers seem like forward-looking Catholics, and us seem like fuzzy old reactionaries.

The only trouble was that after each such conversation we came back to the office and learned that the communists had burned another church, or desecrated another tabernacle, or murdered another batch of priests, or dungeoned another archbishop, or possessed another convent. And when I say *possessed*, I mean *possessed*. I mean that you could smell the devil all the way from Spain or China or Yugoslavia to here. The whole earth stank to high heaven with devilry. It still stinks.

That's why, when we heard those

*NBC Building, Cleveland, 14, Ohio. April 4, 1947.

complaints, we had that queer feeling of unreality, as if we had wandered into a madhouse, as if we were watching somebody buttonholing a Crusader and telling him to go back home and pray while the Mohammedans poured into Spain, or the hordes of Genghis Khan thundered over Europe. What's the use of telling a chap to go home and pray when there's a mob burning his house and cutting his throat so that he can't pray? And cutting the throats of his wife and children and the parish priest, too?

I couldn't help feeling that this was the kind of business which called for the kind of prayer known as action. Good, vigorous Christian action, of the kind meant in the Scriptures when we are advised to beware of the anger of a just man.

Then one day I picked up a pious paper and found the editor telling his readers that we shouldn't hesitate for a moment to disarm because the Russians, too, are made in the image and likeness of God and "wouldn't dream of attacking us." Then I knew that it was perfectly possible for a pious Catholic to go stark, staring mad with sentimental religiosity. I knew that if this sort of thing went on, the holy Joes

would be telling us not to wear our overshoes because God would keep our feet dry.

Now what? Now everybody's hollering about communism, and hollering louder than the Catholic press did. We were right all the time, only we were right before people were prepared to be right. And that, my friends, is not only the story of Catholic journalism. It is the story of the Church from the beginning. The multitude is always coming along a century or two behind, saying, "By gum, the Church was right after all."

Think it over. Manichaeism, Jansenism, Arianism, Gnosticism, Catharism, Adoptionism, Monophysitism, Monothelitism, Eutychianism, Nestorianism—ever hear of them? Well, there was a time when each of them was running wild through the world, and the Church was condemning them. The reason they're forgotten is that the Church was so totally right.

So it will be with Puritanism, Calvinism, naziism, fascism, communism, pollutionism and all the rest. They'll go, and some new lie will take their place.

Never a dull moment; I wonder what's next?



WEATHER in China is classified according to the number of silk coats you must wear. A hot day is a one-coat day. A chilly day is a three-coat day. A cold day is a seven, or even nine, coat day.

The English, on the other hand, do not dare commit themselves to judgment of a whole day at a time. One rarely hears "It is a nice day." At the most it is "a bright morning" or "a fine afternoon."

The Universe (28 March '47).

They called him a crazy Frenchman

Architect L'Enfant

By FRED J. OSTLER



ONE DAY in 1791 a brilliant, eccentric French soldier marched into our national capital; he was to emerge a year later one of the most picturesque and tragic figures in our country's history. Hired by George Washington to design Washington, D. C., he was dismissed within a year. He had never designed a city before, but his magnificent plans are followed to this day. He asked not a penny for his work, but later presented a bill for \$95,500. He died in poverty and was buried in an unmarked grave, but now rests among our honored dead in the National cemetery at Arlington.

The man was Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant, French Catholic soldier and architect. He was born in Paris and came to America when only 23 to fight, at his own expense, with the Revolutionary army. He fought on crutches at the battle of Charleston, and under Washington he survived the agony at Valley Forge.

When the war with England was won, the major settled in New York to practice engineering. Here one day he heard an exciting rumor: the infant nation planned to build a national capital. Boston, Philadelphia, New York, and many other cities were clamoring for the honor. So intense was the rivalry that, strange as it may seem to-

day, Thomas Jefferson, then secretary of state, spoke of the "necessity of a compromise to save the Union."

President Washington settled the dispute by selecting a site called Georgetown along the shores of the Potomac. Meanwhile, L'Enfant had written to Washington, pleading to be appointed architect for the federal city.

The president, who knew L'Enfant as a man of unusual talent and imagination, selected him at once. "He was better qualified," wrote Washington, "than anyone who had come within my knowledge in this country, or indeed in any other. Should his services be lost, I know not how to replace them."

L'Enfant was delighted. On March 9, 1791, he rode to Georgetown to make his first inspection of the grounds for the city. He found the gently rolling land half hidden by rain and a clinging mist; but he sloshed happily about, envisioning the city that would arise where not long before Indian chiefs had built their council fires.

The following days and nights he worked feverishly, mapping and planning, fired by a dream of building, not a city for 13 struggling colonies, but a capital city for a nation of millions, unique in design, bold, magnificent,

unlike any other in the world. In the incredibly short time of three weeks he was at Washington's door with a sketch of the city. Washington, farsighted, and a competent surveyor himself, was enthusiastic.

Happy in the support of the president, whom he worshiped, L'Enfant worked all spring and summer of 1791. Only three men marred his happiness, the commissioners appointed by Congress to supervise the work on the city. They were Thomas Johnson, Daniel Carroll, and David Stuart, men destined to become L'Enfant's bitter enemies. They were aghast at his costly plans. They were astonished to look upon the woods and marshes of Georgetown, and then turn to L'Enfant's map with grand avenues of the undreamed-of width of 160 feet, statues and gardens, grand fountains and spacious parks. The whole plan seemed ridiculous, the fantastic, impossible scheme of a crazy Frenchman.

But not by a pen stroke would the major alter his plan to please them. Sharp clashes followed that not even the diplomacy of Washington could soothe. Much as he admired the young Frenchman, Washington wrote sadly, "I did not expect to have met with such perverseness in Major L'Enfant as his late conduct exhibited." The major was equally bewildered. To him it was wildly inconsistent to be hired by Washington and then be bossed by three other men. Repeatedly, and against orders, he went over their heads to Washington, and by September, 1791, the smoldering feud be-

tween L'Enfant and the commissioners needed only a spark to kindle an explosion.

The major supplied the spark. Daniel Carroll, a relative of one of the commissioners, was building a house that projected slightly in the path of the major's plan, and, moreover, stood directly on the spot where L'Enfant planned one of five fountains. Either the plan must be altered or the house must be demolished. But the major was always a gentleman. He wrote a quaintly polite note to Carroll inviting him to wreck his own house. Instead Carroll galloped furiously to Annapolis and swore out a warrant for L'Enfant's arrest. By the time he returned, the Frenchman, without asking permission of the commissioners, had razed the house.

Carroll and the three commissioners stormed. L'Enfant was indignant. Carroll appealed to Jefferson. L'Enfant appealed to Washington. Had not the President ordered him to plan the city? Had not this man's house stood in his way? What was all the furor about? He could not understand these Americans!

The government quietly paid Carroll \$4,500 for his trouble, and L'Enfant narrowly escaped a jail sentence.

"In the future," warned Washington, "I must strictly enjoin you to touch no man's property without his consent. Having the beauty and regularity of your plan only in view, you pursue it as if every person or thing were obliged to yield to it."

A month later the commissioners re-

newed their attack, complaining to Washington that L'Enfant refused to give them a map of the city, that his assistants (who were almost fanatically devoted to him) were insubordinate, that work was progressing very slowly, and that the major could not or would not cooperate.

Shortly after, L'Enfant's office was ruthlessly pirated of all his drawings and instruments. Hurt and puzzled, the reprimand of Washington still fresh in his mind, he suffered the loss in silence.

Then L'Enfant made his gravest error. In January of the following year he ordered his men to lay the foundation for the Capitol. The commissioners, angered at not being consulted on so important a project, promptly countermanded the order, dismissed the workers, and threatened to resign.

Washington was caught squarely between the temperamental Frenchman and the disgruntled commissioners. Much as he liked the young Frenchman, there was no other course open. L'Enfant was dismissed.

Immediately all the landowners in the district except two signed a petition lamenting his departure and praising his work. It was no use. To the major, Washington patiently explained, "The continuation of your services would have been pleasing to me, but to change the commissioners cannot be done on grounds of propriety, justice, or policy."

The great dream was shattered. Heartbroken, L'Enfant moved to a farm eight miles from Georgetown,

and during the following years he could be seen pacing the streets of the new city, wrapped in a long, flapping coat, knee breeches, and bell-crowned hat, lonely, melancholy, seldom speaking except to deplore the slightest deviation from his grand plan.

His spirit seemed broken. He worked briefly at Fort Mifflin and Fort Washington. He refused an appointment as instructor of engineering at West Point, preferring to roam, a brooding, wistful figure who silently observed the faltering growth of the city.

And faltering it was. Under supervision of Andrew Ellicott, one of L'Enfant's assistants, work seemed at a standstill. Four years after the major's dismissal, not one house had been built on Pennsylvania Ave. between the White House and the Capitol. Ten years later there were only about 700 houses in the city. Twenty years later it was still unbelievably crude, a pioneer village where birds were shot within 100 yards of the Capitol. Pigs bogged down, squealing, in the rutted, muddy streets. Mosquitoes by the millions hummed over the dank, malarial marshes. After a heavy rain it surprised no one to see boats floating down Pennsylvania Ave.

L'Enfant's dream seemed doomed. It was mocked as "a city of streets without houses and of houses without streets," a "great, little, splendid, mean, extravagant, poverty-stricken barrack of soldiers of fortune and votaries of folly."

Meanwhile L'Enfant grew steadily

poorer. In his joy at being entrusted with designing the federal city, he had never demanded a salary. To Washington's offer of about \$2,400 and a lot in the city, he had been coolly aloof. Now his private funds were gone. Alone, friendless and forgotten by the raw new country he had adopted, he was living, ironically enough, on the charity of a relative of Daniel Carroll, the man whose house he had demolished years before.

Suddenly, eight years after his dismissal, he began haunting the lobbies of the Capitol, demanding justice and recalling his work on the city. He had served for one year. His bill for that time came to a staggering \$95,500. It was rejected. Instead he was paid only the odd figure of \$666.66 with interest.

On June 14 of 1825 the lonely old man died and was laid to rest in a tiny burial lot, in a grave unmarked by stone or cross. There, beneath a simple mound of earth lay Pierre Charles L'Enfant, soldier and architect, fighter for America's freedom and builder for her glory.

Decades passed. The burial ground was abandoned. Weeds overran his grave. He was forgotten. But his plan, neglected for more than 70 years, lived on. And slowly the city arose. In 1871 a civic board sparked by one Alexander R. Shepherd began a three-year program of improvements. Streets were paved, sidewalks laid, a sewage system installed, and parks graded. Out of the woods and streams, the rutted streets and marches, the wilderness of Georgetown, there arose the magnificent cap-

ital city of the U.S., Washington, D.C.

Citizens looked upon this transformation, explored their city's past, and found to their surprise that all that was grand in its design had its basis in the L'Enfant plan of 1791. True, the plan had been mutilated. A cathedral of all creeds, intended for national days of prayer and thanksgiving, was completely forgotten. A column to celebrate the rise of the American navy was overlooked. Five great fountains, pouring never-ending cascades of water, were abandoned, and in one instance, a market displaced a fountain in the heart of the city. This atrocity, said one historian, was enough "to awaken regret even in the average congressman."

But much remains of his plan. Today the Capitol stands exactly where he planned it. The White House, though not of his design, adds, as he wished, "the sumptuousness of a palace and the convenience of a house to the agreeableness of a country seat." Pennsylvania Ave. follows his design. Though only remnants of his plans for landscaping and statuary remain, they harmonize with the logic and taste of his radiating avenues, the breath-taking sweeps from point to point, and his "undreamed-of" broad streets and spacious parks. The plan lives because it transformed a frontier village into an impressive symbol of national grandeur.

In 1902, more than a century after the Frenchman presented his first sketch, the James McMillan Park commission, in the light of the finest city

planning in the world, examined Washington and reported that "the plan of the city of Washington, having stood the test of a century, has met with universal approval. The departures from that plan are to be regretted, and wherever possible, remedied."

The findings were later reaffirmed by the National Commission of Fine Arts and the National Capital Parks and Planning commission, which have done much to further L'Enfant's plan. In the words of H. P. Caemmerer of the Fine Arts commission, "today we may say that it has been carried out practically in its entirety."

In April, 1909, America recognized its debt to the man who in one turbulent year created out of a wilderness the only planned city in America. From the abandoned burial lot his remains were transferred to Arlington, and interred with the ceremonies of the Church. Two years later his mon-

ument was unveiled. And President William Taft, Vice-president James Sherman, French Ambassador J. J. Jusserand, and members of Congress paid homage to the brilliant Frenchman whose dream had bloomed into a thing of life, grace, and beauty.

"Few men," said Elihu Root, then secretary of state, "can afford to wait 100 years to be remembered. It is not a change in L'Enfant that brings us here. It is we who have changed, who have just become able to appreciate his work. And our tribute should be to continue his work."

There are thousands of monuments honoring statesmen and soldiers. But very few are dedicated to architects. One of these is over the grave of Pierre Charles L'Enfant, the man they called a crazy Frenchman, whose plans were ridiculed, who broke his heart for his dream. But his real monument is the great city of Washington.



Compound Confusion

IF THE parents of a girl are divorced and each has remarried, what part should they play at her wedding?

When either parent has remarried, the invitations are sent out by the one giving the wedding, usually the bride's mother. Her present husband's name appears with hers, at the top of the invitation, "Mr. and Mrs. New-Husband." The bride is then noted as "her daughter, Mabel Smith."

Correctly, Mr. Smith should be present and give his daughter in marriage. He goes to her home and they drive together to the church. He then gives her away and takes the place reserved for him in the third or fourth pew. If he has a second wife, she will have been seated beside him. The bride's mother is seated in the first pew with her second husband. One or two pews filled with relatives of each are always placed between her pew and his.

Emily Post on Modern Manners in *This Week* (6 April '47).

[Or move the whole affair to the back yard.—Ed.]

THE VIVISECTION *of* POLAND

By ANN SU CARDWELL

Condensed from *Plain Talk**

How a free, proud people can be enslaved in broad daylight in our own times, how the rights of a nation can be subverted, its independence usurped, its economy shackled, its spirit stifled, is illustrated by the Soviet vivisection of Poland.

Since the bulk of the Polish population is peasant, the Soviet puppet regime started out with agrarian reform as one of the leading planks in its program, which has already been relegated to the background. At no time have landless peasants been allotted enough acreage to make them independent. Those who got land had neither farm equipment nor animals. Although collectivization as an end was vehemently denied, "cooperative" farming on state-owned land, collectivization under another name, is being introduced in many areas. Farmers must deliver large quotas of produce to the government, leaving little for the family or to exchange for manufactured goods, which are far beyond their reach. For example, in the autumn of 1946 the price of rye was 75 times what it was in 1939, but boots now cost 420 times as much as in pre-war days. No wonder that most of the country folk are reported to be going barefoot or that one pair of shoes often serves an entire family.

The first objective of the regime's lauded rural reform was the winning of peasant backing; in that it failed. The second objective, aimed at keeping the country poor and dependent upon communist-controlled organizations, was achieved through the policy of not granting land allotments of a size to assure independence. The peasants remain without influence, in a state little better than serfdom. No other class of the population is so stubbornly antiregime and anti-Soviet as the farmers.

In industry and commerce private enterprise is permitted to operate provided the number of workers in one concern does not exceed 50. Any business that employed more than 50 was nationalized early in the regime's existence. Some exceptions have recently been made. Incompetence and dishonesty have characterized the management of various nationalized enterprises, as revealed in the regime's own press, which frequently prints stories of embezzlement of immense sums, and arrests and trials of guilty officials. This situation may in part explain the latest concessions to private undertakings. Yet the press complains that private enterprise is not growing, which is understandable, considering the economic uncertainty, possibility

*240 Madison Ave., New York City, 16. March, 1947.

of confiscation, and general lack of security.

All Warsaw land, for instance, is now municipal property. Persons may build, by acquiring leases, and hold title to the buildings; thus says the present law. But since the land has been declared city property, it is feared that another decree might proclaim the buildings as city-owned. Nor is there any guarantee that a private industry, after it has been developed into a prosperous business through individual initiative and hard work, will not be declared state property.

Salaries and wages are low. The monthly minimum required for support of the average family, according to a government mouthpiece, is 6,000 zlotys. But the average worker, except in special industries, earns less. A little girl writes abroad, asking for a pair of old shoes, as her father earns only 4,000 zlotys a month, and shoes for her cost 8,000.

There is much unemployment, despite crying need for reconstruction, reasons being lack of funds, bad management and administration, incompetence and corruption in official circles, and the "screening" of individuals to make sure of their political attitude. A Polish soldier repatriated from England writes back, via secret channels, that he has been in Poland six months and is still unable to get work because he will not vilify General Anders' army.

While bitter poverty is general, resulting from war destruction and stripping of the country first by the Ger-

mans and then even more thoroughly by the Reds, the new bureaucrats live luxuriously, have fine cars, and entertain lavishly. But housing for the homeless millions has proceeded at snail's pace, despite voluminous blueprints and the flow of promises. Whatever building is being done is for government departments and officials.

Inflation daily becomes more menacing. It is stimulated by printing of Polish money in Moscow, with which the Soviets pay all their employees and Red soldiers in Poland, thus flooding the country with fiat currency. Officially the Polish zloty stands at 100 to the dollar; on the black market it is above 1,000. Inflation is bringing about elimination of the middle class. Every member of the family must be gainfully employed if there is to be food and shelter for all, and the practice so common in the USSR of working at two or three jobs is becoming a feature of Polish life.

Polish resources are being exploited for the benefit of Soviet Russia. Poles freeze while long trains of coal are dispatched east, at a price much below cost of production. Polish textile mills hum to fill Russian orders, and Polish shoemakers must supply boots for bolsheviks, though Poles go in rags and barefoot. Poland must this year furnish the USSR with 15,000 shirts at 100 zlotys each, which is just one-fifth of cost; and the same shirt sells on the Polish market for upwards of 1,000 zlotys. These are but a few of a lengthy list of items the Soviet Union is draining out of Poland.

The CUP (Central Planning Office) has drawn up a three-year plan for Polish reconstruction that inspires the nation with no more confidence than the oratory and blueprints of the Warsaw architects. The plan calls for heavier taxes, still harder work and more sacrifices on the part of every citizen; and what is of first importance is the estimate that at least 20% of the cost must come from foreign loans which can hardly be expected to materialize. Experts have pointed out that it is quite impossible for the Polish national income during the next three years even to approximate the amount fixed in the plans.

The Poles had counted on reparations from Germany. But their share was included in those granted the Soviets, with the result that Poland got nothing. The Russians have removed equipment and machinery from the coal mines and factories even in the German territory they "gave" the Poles.

Those "recovered lands," as the puppet regime designates the German area temporarily under Polish administration, play an extremely important role in CUP's reconstruction and development plans. Polish families from the eastern provinces annexed by the USSR and from Central Poland, some 4 million souls, have been moved here, to take the place of the deported German population. But there is administrative chaos in those areas, life is insecure, with the result that the trek back to Central Poland almost equals the much-propagandized migration to

the promised land. Furthermore, Poles are pessimistic about the future status of the western provinces where there are so many Red army detachments and where collective farms have been established for their support. The conviction exists that Moscow regards this not as a Polish-German border but as its own frontier with Western Europe.

Sovietization of Polish life reaches into the schools, from kindergarten to university. Teachers and professors who do not agree with the "lines" laid down are arrested and imprisoned. Students must not be "hostile." Tests have been prepared that do not conflict with communist ideology and that give much space to Soviet Russia and the close ties between Russians and Poles. Allied to education are the communist-organized and directed youth organizations, to which it is expected that in due time every boy and girl in Poland will belong. The chief of those in the Association of Fighting Youth (ZWM), Polish equivalent of the Soviet *Komsomol*.

The economic confusion and impoverishment brought upon Poland by the puppets is matched by the demoralization of society. The Germans had done what they could to destroy Polish character, but with little success. British and American betrayal left the Poles depressed and despairing. The soil seemed prepared for sowing by the usurpers who are just as desirous as the nazis to destroy the Polish spirit; they too promote gambling and drinking, particularly the latter, with the result that even the regime's own

'papers voice alarm over the extent of intoxication among youths and children. However, the use of liquor is openly encouraged, since one-fourth of the national income derives from vodka sales. Sexual immorality is advocated. An organization known as PLAN recently circulated some millions of copies of a pamphlet urging free love and abortion; the latter was urged on the ground that Poland is overpopulated and the measure needed for her national welfare. When one thinks of the 6 million whom Poland lost during the war, it is manifest that Moscow through its tools is working to destroy Polish character and weaken resistance to Soviet domination.

Relations of the Catholic Church and the regime are unsettled. The puppets at first courted clerical favor. When they could not move the clergy, their attitude changed and both the Vatican and the Polish clergy were attacked. The concordat with the Vatican was denounced. Civil marriage was made obligatory and divorce easy, one clause in the divorce law stating that a divorce could be obtained after three years of married life if both parties asked for it. Relatively few Catholic schools are allowed; Catholic societies are either forbidden or are hindered in their activities; the Catholic press is severely limited in number of publications and in circulation. The clergy have been warned to keep out of politics. Proclamations by the clergy and pastoral letters have either been forbidden publication or allowed to be published only in part and after delay.

Priests have been tried for connection with the underground and two have received the death sentence.

Militant communists would attack the Catholic Church with the idea of its immediate destruction. The moderates insist upon the slow but what they deem certain course of disposing of the Church's influence through communist training of youth.

Anti-Semitism did not exist among Poles during the German occupation. It does exist now. There are several reasons for the change, but two stand out. First is the fact that refugee Jews returning to Poland did not have their property restored; being without resources they had no choice but to take jobs with the government which were offered to them. Thus while a large majority of Jews had no interest in politics, they became instruments in the hands of the communists to carry out unpopular decrees. This operation is the result of a policy originating in Moscow aimed at stirring up anti-Jewish feeling in Poland, according to well-informed students of the matter.

In the second place, there are Jews in high official positions who add fuel to the anti-Semitic agitation. They are communists of long standing, most of them trained in the Soviet Union. Such are Hilary Minc, minister of industry; Jacob Berman, credited with being key man in the regime; Zygmunt Modzelewski, vice minister for foreign affairs, said to be much more powerful than the nominal minister; and the fake general known as Victor Grosz, minister of information.

There has never been security under the puppets. Poland is a police state. There is a civil police force of roughly 50,000; a volunteer force of more than 100,000 (ORMO); a uniformed "Security Corps," which the Poles always refer to as "Insecurity," comprising a secret body of more than 120,000 agents; plus an unknown but certainly a considerable number of Russian NKVD (secret police) operatives. The business of all is to eliminate opposition to the regime and therefore to the Soviet Union. Anyone known to be unfavorably disposed to the regime is their prey. Arresting, terrorizing, deporting, killing is their business. Something of their record has come into the open through revelations of foreign correspondents observing the January "elections."

Besides those units, there is a regular "Polish" army under the nominal command of Marshal Zymierski, the majority of whose officers above the rank of major are Red-army men, some bearing Polonized names, others not hiding their nationality, and issuing orders, oral and written, in Russian. Red-army soldiers in Polish uniform are in the ranks. Certain units consist only of Russians. Training of the army is conducted by Red-army officers. Groups of Polish cadets are sent to the USSR for instruction. All the equipment is Soviet, paid for with loans advanced by Moscow for that purpose.

Thus in reality, the "Polish" army in Poland is but a part of the Red army, of which it is estimated that there are still more than half a million troops in Poland. This army keeps the puppet regime in power, and at the same time is designed to convert Poland into a military stronghold for Russia.

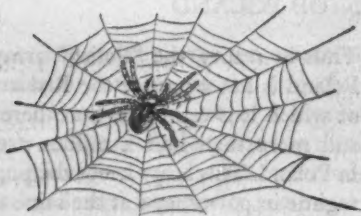
In spite of the fact that Poland is police-and-soldier ridden, strong resistance groups not only exist there, but control entire areas of the country. They are constantly hunted and put to death, but their number just as constantly increases. Flight to the forests is the one thing left for persons opposed to the regime. Having taken this step, a man has placed himself in the "bandit" category. Yet the underground is organized and functions well, much to the discomfiture of the regime, which has been striving to combat the secret press of the underground, whose papers are circulated all over the country just as in the days of the German occupation.

Already the twilight of slave economy is descending over the country which has long been the easternmost outpost of civilization in Europe. Already the handwriting on the iron wall surrounding Poland spells out the warning to the rest of the western world: "This is what happens to a nation and gallant ally whose destiny has been committed to the friendly stewardship of the Soviet Union."



There are two classes of people, the righteous and unrighteous. The classifying is done by the righteous.

Our Lady's Missionary (March '47).



The alert arachnid

SPIDER

By ALAN DEVOE

Condensed chapter
of a book*

A MAJOR occupation of all creatures of earth is the killing of other kinds of creatures. To that end have developed the curved, erectile fangs of vipers, the silent, soft-feathered wings on which the great horned owls glide through the darkness to snap the spines of rabbits, the cushiony paws on which lynxes lope across the snow. The quietest woodland, the serenest meadow drowsing under the sun, is hourly the scene of uncountable carnages. To have life is to have hunger; to sustain life is to require the sacrifice of other lives. In the natural world there is always the smell of newly spilled blood on the wind, the scarlet blood of mammals, the viscous blood of plants and roots, the yellow blood of butterflies.

The ways of killing among animals are many. There is death from the air, death by stalking and a final pounce, death by ambush, by swift pursuit, and by a thousand kinds of cunning and agility. There is death, most curiously, by trapping. This is the art of the arachnids, the eight-legged scuttling little predators that we call spiders. In June the spiders are abroad in every hedgerow, every grass patch, busy with the work of their singular death

engineerings. The traps they build for enmeshing their prey are visible in every man's garden; it is not possible to walk in a wooded place without feeling the soft clinging touch of the ingeniously placed strands of their snares.

Spiders are not insects. Their legs are four pairs instead of three; their bodies are divided into two sections instead of three; they grow no wings. The diet of many insects is vegetation and the sap-bloods of vegetation; but the hunger of spiders is for freshly killed flesh. Certain of the hugest of the spiders, like the hairy, heavy-bodied tarantulas of Central and South America, are strong enough to capture and kill birds and make a diet of warm blood, and there are other species, only slightly smaller, which can enmesh mice in their snares and kill them instantly with a bite at the base of the brain. In our own region, spiders' food is the unwarmed pulpy flesh of insects, the soft abdomens of grasshoppers and crickets, and fleshy parts of butterflies, moths, and beetles.

All spiders, great and small, have similar endowments for their life of preying. In front of and over their mouths are pairs of jaws, each jaw

*Lives Around Us. 1942. Creative Age Press, 11 E. 44th St., N. Y. City. 221 pp. \$2.

bearing a thin curved fang which is attached, like that of a venomous snake, by a movable point, that it may lie flat in its furrow or be instantly extended. Near the fang's tip is an opening, from which a fine canal connects with a poison gland. Beneath the mouths of spiders are their endites, powerful jaw-like organs with which to crush the chitinous bodies of their insect prey and squeeze out the blood and flesh. The spiders' heavy jaws work sideways, not up and down. They spread apart laterally as they open, and simultaneously the lancet-sharp poisonous fangs erect.

The spiders, to procure prey with which to feed this formidably equipped maw, are endowed with a gift for intricate snare building. At the tip of a spider's abdomen are small finger-like organs, generally six in number, arranged in three sets of pairs. These are the spider's spinnerets. They join, by a network of ducts, with silk glands inside the spider's body. At the tip of each spinneret is a soft area, the spinning field, on which the ducts open; the terminus of each duct is a tiny, erect spinning tube. Sometimes a single spider's body has as many as five glands for production of five different kinds of silks: silks tough and inelastic, silks rubbery-soft and capable of tremendous stretching, silks for each various part of the spider's complicated web architecture. Within the spider's storage sacs the silk is liquid. As a liquid it passes along the internal conducting canals and to the tips of the spinnerets. Only upon contact with the

outer air does it harden into a fine-spun filament.

Most spiders spin a fine silken thread continuously as they creep on hairy feet about their errands. They leave a dragline, periodically fastened by tiny silken discs to leaves and pebbles and blades of grass. It serves as a guide in ground traveling, making it possible for the spider to scuttle quickly and accurately back to its lair, and it serves as a means whereby the spider, when threatened with danger in a treetop or other high place, can save itself by instantly plummeting into space and swinging suspended in mid-air by its silken cord until the danger passes. The draglines are ingenious, artfully fastened by deft maneuverings of the spinnerets to prevent the separate threads from tangling, and are an achievement only less singular than the death-trap web which is the central preoccupation of a spider's life.

The way of a common orb-web spider, when it sets about manufacture of its snare, is first to spin between two weed stalks, or two tall stems of grass, straight crosslines of silk to form a square. Across one corner of the square is then stretched a diagonal; then a diagonal across another corner; then these diagonals are joined by a straight third thread. By repetitions of this process, in each corner, the space is progressively reduced to the size of the orb which the spider purposes to construct. There come now the web's radii. For these the spider stretches first a straight thread across the web's diameter. Returning, then, to the cen-

ter of this thread, the spider fastens a new one and proceeds once more toward the periphery of the orb. With each trip from the web's center to its circumference there is fastened in place a new radius; and likewise, on each of the spider's trips to the center, there is added a silk reinforcement to the hub. When finally the radii are all in place (21 of them, customarily), there begins the spinning of cross supports to give the radii strength. The spider starts now from the hub, and moves around it in an ever-widening circle. At each radius the silk-strand is fastened and drawn tight. When at last the spider's spiraling progress has brought it to the web's periphery, the radii are all joined by concentric circles of silk supports.

The web has a finished look now, to a human eye; but it is not complete. The spider has been secreting, up to this point, a hard inelastic variety of thread. It begins now to secrete instead a very sticky and much less brittle silk. It starts once more around the web, beginning at the outer edge this time instead of at the hub, and as it travels it methodically breaks, one by one, the first temporary set of brittle guy-spirals and replaces them with permanent strands of the new adhesive thread. The spider works slowly and carefully now, measuring the spiral spacings with great precision by using one of its hind legs. Finally, when it has brought its meticulous work perhaps two-thirds of the way from the web's periphery toward its center, it ceases spinning and leaves a "free

zone" free of sticky crosslines. Into the free zone it now creeps and hangs head downward, motionless. Its web is finished. The spider is ready to settle down to patient waiting, with eight eyes alert, for the blundering of the first victim into this death snare that is more intricate than any that man has ever made.

Not all spider webs are like those of the orb weavers in construction, though such are among the commonest and certainly the most conspicuous. The grass spiders, common in every pasture, spin curving sheets of silk, formed into the shape of funnels, and above the main sheet of the web they place cross-threads, so fine as to be invisible, in which the passing cricket, moth or butterfly becomes so hopelessly snarled that it must fall helpless into the funnel and lie there until the spider's fangs are plunged into its flesh. The dome spiders hide within shimmering domes of silk; the triangle spiders, watchful beside their webs, hold the thread ends curled between their legs and keep the structure of the web pulled taut, until, when a victim falls in the web, they abruptly slacken the line and shake the whole web furiously, that the victim may be the more thoroughly entangled. There is an endless variety in the traps the spiders build and operate.

The same silk-spinning skill employed by spiders in their trap making and in construction of their drag lines is used also for swathing their eggs, and for making cunning leaf-roofed shelters wherein they can crouch hid-

den while they watch their webs. It is employed, not least importantly, for extending their predatory travels. When a spider has found the trapping poor in one region, it seeks out a new site for operations. The spider climbs a tree. With elevated abdomen it sends forth a filament of thread into the air, spinning the thread out longer and

longer until the strand is caught in the breeze and whipped upward. The spider looses its hold then on twig or leaf, and, attached to its wind-carried thread, goes ballooning across country until the breeze deposits it in some new woods or meadow, there to spin a new ingenious web and wait patiently again for blood.



I Shall Never Forget It

Fifteen years ago I was one of four assistants at the St. Paul cathedral. One of the other assistants, Father Gerald Baskfield (now Doctor of Sacred Theology, Professor of Dogma at St. Paul seminary) had for several months been bringing Holy Communion to a very old Irish lady, who was quite blind and quite deaf. She was confined to bed, and spent practically all her waking hours in prayer.

One day, during lunch, Father Baskfield got an emergency call. The dear old Irish lady was dying. He swallowed a few bites of food and rushed out. When he returned we were all sitting around in the community room. He paced around nervously in silence. Finally I said, "What in heaven's name is the matter and why don't you sit down?"

He struck a dramatic pose and said, "This is what is the matter. You all know that when you give Extreme Unction and the last blessing you make the sign of the cross 12 times over the person."

Someone said, "Yes, we all know that." He said, "Well, you all know that old Irish lady I was called to is absolutely blind and deaf." I said I remembered his mentioning it several times.

Father Baskfield's face became whiter still, if that were possible, as he finished in a rush, "She was dying when I got there and every time I made the sign of the cross, she blessed herself. Every time she did it exactly when I made it and at no other time. Now, you wise guys, figure that out."

PAUL BUSSARD

Priests are invited to submit similar experiences. We shall pay \$25 on publication for acceptable ones. Sorry we can't return manuscripts, but we shall carefully consider all that are submitted.—The editors.

Labor, management, and John Q.

Industrial Harmony in Toledo

By R. A. LASSANCE

Condensed from *America**

"THIS sounds like maturity in industrial relations," I reflected, as I sat with members of the Toledo Labor-Management-Citizens committee at an informal luncheon. With the entire nation holding its head over industrial strife, here I was discussing industrial harmony with top-flight members of management and labor in the Toledo area. They were displaying mutual trust and respect. Light, not heat, was predominant.

Said Michael DiSalle, vice-mayor of Toledo, chairman of the committee, and a representative of the general public, "Toledo is trying to meet the labor-management problem with a single standard of justice for both labor and management." And, added Bill Sturm, district director of the AFL, "The settling of disputes, while of tangible worth, is merely incidental to fostering the LMC educational facilities which will, we hope, show ultimately the fallacy of management and labor trying to function in opposition to each other."

Representing management, A. G. Spieker asserted, "Good faith is required on the part of both labor and management. And to create good faith, the essential conditions which manage-

ment needs to perform its functions must be clearly stated, understood and respected. Through joint meetings both parties will find the area of agreement larger than the area of disagreement."

And so the ball was passed back and forth among the various representatives of labor, management, and the general public.

Toledo was formerly notorious for its lack of industrial harmony. During the 1920's conditions became so bad that the industries of the city suffered a decided setback. In 1934, violent industrial warfare broke out and, after the bricks ceased to rain and guns ceased to fire, the result was two men dead, 200 injured, and property damage of \$150,000. Stimulated by those trying experiences and at the suggestion of Edward F. McGrady, of the U. S. Department of Labor, Toledo established a peace committee which achieved some success in mitigating industrial war. In 1941, work of the peace board was taken over by the WLB.

The present Labor-Management-Citizens committee in embryonic form was the brain child of DiSalle. It was designed principally as an organiza-

*329 W. 108th St., New York City, 25. Feb. 22, 1947.

tional technique to enable the city to handle efficiently the complicated problems of reconversion from a war economy to an economy of peace, but it was also proposed as an apt agency for the permanent harmonizing of the legitimate interests of management, labor and the general public. Many cooperated in persuading prominent members of management, labor and the general public to accept and promote the LMC committee.

In April, 1945, the city council directed the mayor to appoint a committee charged with the duty of studying means for narrowing the areas of disagreement between labor and management and of widening the areas of agreement. Stenographic services, legal research and other facilities were provided for this committee by the city administration, and the sum of \$1,000 was appropriated to cover incidental expenses. In February, 1946, the investigating committee presented recommendations to the council in the form of the LMC charter. It was unanimously adopted, and a city ordinance directed the mayor to appoint a permanent Labor-Management-Citizens committee, consisting of six industrialists, six labor leaders and six representatives of the public. The present committee is constituted as follows.

For management: John D. Biggers, president, Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Co.; J. Preston Levis, president, Owens-Illinois Glass Co.; Royce Martin, president, Electric Auto-Lite Co.; A. G. Spieker, secretary-treasurer, J. J. Spieker and Sons Contracting Co.;

Joseph Tillman, executive vice-president, Unicast Corp.; Jules D. Lippman, president of Textileather Corp. and of the Toledo Chamber of Commerce.

For labor: William Sturm, regional director of the AFL; Otto W. Brach, secretary, Central Labor Union; Franz Berlacher, president, AFL Milk Drivers' Union; Richard Gosser, Regional Director, CIO United Auto Workers; Lawrence Steinberg, state director, CIO Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Employees; Peter Zvara, regional director, CIO Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers.

For the general public: Michael V. DiSalle, attorney and Toledo's vice-mayor, chairman; Judge Amos L. Conn of the District Court of Appeals; Dean C. K. Searles of the University of Toledo; Dr. F. Bringle McIntosh, district superintendent of Methodist churches; Dr. Morton Goldberg, rabbi of B'Nai Israel temple; Rt. Rev. Michael J. Doyle, director of Toledo Catholic Charities.

The work of the committee is ably coordinated by Jerome Gross, executive secretary, a full-time employee and administrative officer of the LMC. His salary, the salary of his secretary, and office expenses are met by an appropriation ordered by the city council.

The fundamental principles enunciated by the LMC charter stress "the practical, common-sense recognition of the rights of both employers and employees, the mutuality of their interests, and the importance of their joint responsibility to the citizens as a whole, whose interests transcend the presum-

ed rights of any group." The achievement of industrial democracy by intelligent self-regulation and cooperation between management and labor is the primary goal.

Management recognizes the natural right of the employees freely to organize and to bargain collectively through their bargaining agents. Labor recognizes management's right to direct the operations of an enterprise. Both acknowledge their responsibilities to their respective industries and to the exigencies of the common good. Discrimination against employees because of race, color or creed is formally rejected by both sides. The necessity of keeping up production to maintain a high standard of material prosperity and the relation of this principle to technological advances is realistically considered by both labor and management. To minimize the damaging effects on the community of differences and disagreements, both sides agree to the voluntary utilization of mediation, fact-finding, and arbitration facilities of the LMC.

It is obvious from the foregoing that the charter implicitly rejects both the rugged individualism of *laissez-faire* capitalism and the class struggle of Karl Marx. Both the charter and the membership of the LMC stand for the solution of industrial problems in the light of the principles of social justice and social charity.

The work of the LMC may be considered as a key function of industrial engineering in human relations on a community-wide basis. In addition to

the regular LMC committee members, the chairman appoints 18 associate LMC panel members (six public, six management, and six labor) for the purpose of conducting panel hearings. There is then made available a list of arbiters to handle LMC arbitration work. This list consists of both paid and volunteer arbiters. Since the LMC rejects compulsory arbitration in principle, the work of the LMC is that of mediation, fact-finding, and voluntary arbitration.

Cases of disagreement between management and labor which cannot be resolved within the area of the particular plant are conducted as follows:

1. The LMC will not hear any case where there is a lockout of workers or an unauthorized strike.
2. The first step shall be the reference of all cases to the office of the executive secretary.
3. The executive secretary holds a preliminary interview with each party. If a panel is to be named, the executive secretary shall prepare a statement of the issues in a dispute and the position of each of the disputants, to be made available to panel members before the hearing is called.
4. A panel, consisting of one representative of management, one of labor, and one of the general public is then appointed by the chairman, following consultation with the chairman of each section.
5. If the panel fails to settle a case, an appeal to the full committee shall be made, not by the appearance of the parties, but first by a report of the

panel to the LMC. Any further assignment of an expanded panel shall be made at the full committee's discretion.

6. If either party in a dispute prefers that the full LMC hear its case, such means may be made available at the discretion of the committee.

7. All jurisdictional disputes shall be referred to the labor section of the committee for possible settlement. Such disputes shall not be taken from the labor section until such time as all parties involved have committed themselves to abide by a decision made by the LMC.

As a last resort, after mediation, fact-finding and arbitration have failed to reconcile recalcitrant disputants to a labor-management disagreement, the LMC furnishes an apt instrument for a strong appeal to public opinion.

The Toledo LMC has largely succeeded in breaking down irrational suspicions on the part of intransigent sections of labor and management and has generated an increasing spirit of mutual trust and good will on the part of all concerned, aimed at industrial cooperation between labor, management and the public.

To date, 43 unions and 267 employers have asked for certificates of participation signifying their willingness to abide by the Toledo plan. From June 15, 1946, through Dec. 31, 1946, LMC handled 43 cases, 12 more than were handled by the old Toledo Peace board for all 1936. Man-day losses of 1946 have been less than half those of 1945. Since June 15, 16 strikes involved ap-

proximately 9,800 workers. Of this number, 6,634 were involved in a two-day wildcat strike which was quickly ended. The average length of strikes in this five-month period was two weeks. During that time only two strikes were called after LMC had a chance to exercise its mediation facilities.

Six strikes were settled between parties without LMC assistance, 10 were settled with its help, and 20 strikes were averted, 14 of them minor cases, six major. Another case, not involving a labor dispute but affecting 1,000 workers, was handled when LMC persuaded the Toledo dairy operators to delay a shutdown of their plants because of inability to obtain a price adjustment decision of OPA. In nine cases, parties reached a settlement after LMC had arranged meetings for them. One arbitration case was handled involving interpretation of a contract clause. From Oct. 17 to Dec. 30, 1946, there were no strikes.

All the members of the Toledo LMC are adamant in their rejection of compulsory arbitration and restrictive legislation. They indicate a determination to preserve and foster the constructive forces of free personal initiative and cooperative group activity in the socio-economic sphere of human activity.

Most significant is the evolutionary character of the movement. Its dynamism is from the bottom to the top, not from the top down. The natural beginnings are in the local community, from which, if it catches on, its internal logic will carry it on to state, regional

and national levels. The LMC, in modified form, has been adopted by Louisville, Ky., and is being studied by other municipalities.


There are strong indications that the spirit and technique of the LMC will be adopted on the plant level, at least in the larger industries. When this is achieved, the community, regional and national labor-management-citizens committees can democratically devote themselves to the more complicated aspects of stabilizing employment, ironing out dislocations in population, promoting better housing, medical care, social security of all kinds, and in general composing differences and disagreements.

Powerful members of management who are still imbued with the philosophy of rugged individualism, those sections of labor which are dominated by communism and cling to the class struggle, all who choose the game of power politics in industrial matters in preference to the policy of justice and generosity, are the forces which will make the progress of labor-management-citizens committees difficult, if not impossible, in certain areas of the country. In this respect, Toledo has been fortunate. Whenever stubborn representatives of labor or management had to be dealt with, enlightened members of the particular group took them aside and calmly sold the movement to them.

Significant to the nature and success

of the Toledo plan is the voluntary but quasi-legal status of the committee; voluntary, inasmuch as no one is forced to join in the first instance and no one is obliged to use the proffered facilities; quasi-legal, inasmuch as the committee is set up by city ordinance and public funds are appropriated for essential expenses. This voluntary and quasi-legal aspect is at once the strength and weakness of the plan; strength, for true industrial democracy; weakness, because intransigent members of labor, management or the general public can create almost insurmountable obstacles to be roadblocks against smooth functioning.

Ultimate success of the LMC will depend upon the attitudes of the general public, which must be formed in an enlightened way by our educational institutions and by the Church. All-important is the practical appreciation of the fundamental principles governing human rights and of mutual trust and cooperation based on justice and generosity. The LMC itself furnishes a practical means for development of those psychological attitudes for the present; but for the long pull over the future, churches and schools must play their roles in cultivating industrial and labor leaders with integrity of character, and the radio and press must aid those institutions in building up a sound public opinion favorable to the establishment of peace and harmony in a true industrial democracy.


I do not believe in a fate that falls on men however they act; but I do believe in a fate that falls on them unless they act.—G. K. Chesterton.

Hero in any uniform



Blozis:

Immortal of the Shot-Put

By BILL RACH

THE year 1938 looked good. H. Gabriel Murphy, graduate manager of Georgetown university's athletic fortunes, was decidedly optimistic as he prepared to recheck the ticket sale for the first football game of the season. The dopesters were all adjectives in plotting out the possibilities of Jack Hagerty's players and of a revived publicity for America's oldest Catholic college; but all had missed the prize package: Al Blozis was on the team, and a new era in Georgetown athletic history was in the making.

Alfred Charles Blozis was fashioned along the lines of a Greek god. His 250 pounds were well distributed on a 6' 7" frame, and shoulders of 54" accented his well-directed symphony of strength. This Blozis was all man with a handshake like a vise and a grin which demanded reciprocity.

Gabe Murphy had to admit that he was impressed as he saw the big boy putting the shot on the upper field; yet he still couldn't convince himself that fame could be gained by shot-putting. The average sports fan couldn't name one shot putter, with the exception of Jack Torrence, the L.S.U. strong boy who had tossed the iron pill 57' 1" under Swedish skies to write a new

outdoor record in the glory books. Football and basketball were still the college bill of fare.

But six months later, the officials of the Maryland University Athletic association made a change in the record files housed on the college campus. The numbers alongside the event typed *shot-put* were moved up to 49' 2", and the name of Al Blozis affixed. It was the beginning of history's most fantastic assault on the track record books. Alfred Charles Blozis was on his way.

In September, 1939, Al copped the N.Y.A.C. game with a heave of 53' $\frac{7}{8}$ ". After that it was an endless parade of figure-changing for the statisticians. The Seton Hall games, the National A.A.U., the K. of C. meet—in all of those Blozis kept surpassing Blozis until fans lost their sense of direction.

On March 1, 1941, in the I.C.A. games Al reached the amazing mark of 56' 6", but his toss was disallowed because he had used an outdoor shot. Undismayed, he hit Cleveland two weeks later and, using the regulation shot, broke his own previous record with a pitch of 56' 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". On the heels of this, the sports scribes were penning his plaudits across a nation which had been emphatically convinced that shot-putting was here to stay. His story

appeared in a comic magazine, that youth of the country might gaze upon it, and do likewise.

Georgetown became a beehive of excitement. One reporter encountered the great center leaving a chemistry class and demanded an explanation as to just how the record books were continually taking the count from his Lithuanian limb. Al flushed a bit and said, "Every time I set out to break the record I fold up or something happens. When I forget about it I break it." The newspaperman complimented Al on his poor memory and left for his office. He hadn't learned much, but then, no scribe had been able to pump the big boy successfully. Tossing and not talking was his dish.

The night of March 14, 1942, was a milestone in Al's career, not, strangely enough, because of what happened, but of what almost happened. Blozis copped the event (he was never defeated in intercollegiate competition) with 55' 9½", a distance which, although impressive, did not generate the pandemonium which was later to engulf the crowded stadium. After his regulation toss, a parade of reporters begged Al to pose for a picture, making a practice toss. The star obliged and the little ball went flying outwards as the shutters clicked contentedly.

"Measure the toss," a spectator yelled. "It looked pretty good!" The tape proved his wisdom, for the push had traveled 57' 9½", the farthest anyone had ever heaved the shot. The unofficial distance was given out and the place went wild. Al, posing like a baby

for a dozen eager photographers, had closed the gap on track immortality. The "unofficial record" was accepted as gospel by the track followers of the nation, and the success snowball of the Jersey giant reached immense proportions.

Al's official record of 57' ¾", together with the unofficial toss, was augmented by consistent discus throws of 155 feet, crowned by one record toss of 173' 10", an amazing push which was made at the North Carolina relays.

Grantland Rice, Husing, and others were concerned not only with his track triumphs but with his pig-skinning as well, for they could not forget his antics in the Georgetown line. One columnist quipped, "Blozis spends most of his time in the opposing team's backfield and seems to enjoy the company." In the Orange Bowl game he teamed up with G'town's All-American Augie Lio to rip huge holes in a Mississippi State line, which had been the talk of the South.

Upon graduation from Georgetown, the modern Hercules who had won enough medals and gold watches to start a business and who had brought untold fame to himself and to his college, joined the New York Giants of the National Professional Football league. It didn't take him long to establish himself as a top man in this field, and in his last year under Steve Owen he made the all-league team.

Mrs. Blozis was proud when he showed up some weeks later in a lieutenant's uniform. Turned down ear-

lier, he had made the grade this time, was commissioned as an officer, and was on his way overseas.

The end came deep in the Vosges mountains of France. There Lieuten-

ant Blozis went into the night to search for two of his enlisted men and did not return. Only the staccato shots of death were heard as a Georgetown era passed into oblivion.



Charity Is Kind

THE most popular man in Chile today is Cardinal Caro Rodriguez, who, says Father James McNuff, Maryknoll missionary in Molina, has endeared himself to the Chilean populace with his many acts of charity.

When Cardinal Caro was Bishop of Iquique he visited the copper-mining towns of northern Chile on a Confirmation tour. In one town, he found the children were so poor that they had no clothes for the Confirmation ceremony.

Without hesitation, Cardinal Caro cut up his purple and red vestments and improvised clothing for the children. According to those present the descent of the Holy Ghost on this occasion was the most colorful ever witnessed in Chile.

NCWC (26 April '47).



. . . Is Patient

DURING a meditation in St. Patrick's cathedral, the new Cardinal Spellman was confronted by the distracting thought that it must be a huge expense to put up scaffolding and hang a Cardinal's hat from the roof-tree of the cathedral at his death, as tradition demands. While determining to "live as long as possible," the Cardinal, nevertheless made up his mind to ask another Cardinal about the hat-hanging process. He brought up the problem at luncheon with Cardinal von Preysing, who immediately remarked, "I have no trouble of that kind, because I have no place to hang my hat. My Cathedral of St. Hedwig in Berlin was destroyed by the bombing during the war."

NCWC (21 April '47).



. . . Endureth All Things

A FRIGHTFUL bombing has just destroyed an entire section of Nantes. The hospital is completely demolished. The sick, the doctors, the nurses lie helpless under the debris. The rescue squads are mad at work. In the beams of the floodlights is an astonishing sight. From the powdery rubble emerges a hand, the fine white hand of a woman, its tapering fingers still moving, counting the beads of a large rosary, the rosary of the Daughters of Wisdom, nurses of this hospital. People call to her. The Sister replies, "Save the others first!" And quietly, peacefully, under the debris, she goes on saying her Hail Marys.

Michel Riquet in *Thought* (March '47).

The child is father of the man

Bede of Jarrow

By
ELEANOR SHIPLEY DUCKETT



Condensed chapter
of a book*

IN the church of the Monastery of Saint Peter at Uiuiraemuda, modern Monkwearmouth in the county of Durham, England, one day in 680 A. D., the brethren are all assembled. A ceremony is in progress, centering around a little boy of 7, who with his kinsfolk is standing in front of the altar. As the monks watch, one of the strangers, evidently the child's guardian, takes his hand, under the abbot's direction, and wraps it, together with gifts of bread, wine, money, and a paper covered with writing, in a cloth of fine linen; then he solemnly raises it as high as the child's arm can reach, in the manner of the priest when he offers oblation. The paper is a petition for the receiving of this little boy of 7 for permanent membership in the monastery, as long as his life shall last. His name is Baeda, or Bede, since honored as "the Venerable," and the abbot who thus receives him under his care is Benedict Biscop.

We know little about Bede's earliest years. He was born in 672 or 673 on the land which King Egfrid gave about this time to Biscop for his abbey. Tradition places his birth at Monkton near Jarrow. His parents are entirely hidden from us; he himself tells that his "kinsmen" delivered him to the

care of Biscop when he was seven years old. In his name they promised that he would spend his life in Wearmouth's monastery, unless sent elsewhere by his abbot; that he would always endeavor diligently to obey its Rule as administered by those placed in charge of him; and that he would have no property of his own. He would owe reverence to every older member of the brethren, would be treated firmly but kindly, and would share so far as he could in the general life of the house.

He slept with the other oblate boys of his cloister in a dormitory shared by them with older monks; each one was assigned to the charge of a special senior Brother. Night and day he wore the same dress, a long tunic of coarse woolen material, fastened by a girdle. In the winter he rose between two and three in the morning at his master's touch, or, if he were unusually sleepy, at a light stroke of the rod; then he took his place in the solemn procession as all, each with his lantern in hand, went toward the church. He waited outside while his elders entered for the preliminary prayers; when those were said, he walked in with the other children, placed his lantern where it might cast its light on all he did, and recited

*Anglo-Saxon Saints and Scholars. 1947. Macmillan Co., 60 5th Ave., N. Y. City. 488 pp. \$1.

in high treble chant the opening invocations.

He attended as well as he could while the night Offices, known to us as Matins and Lauds, were said in all their length, went to rest again until day dawned, and then rose once more for Prime. After Prime he sat quietly among the other boys, all intent, or seemingly intent, upon their horn-books under the eye of some senior. Presently it was time to return to the dormitory to wash and make oneself generally tidy for the rest of the day. This was done by all, and all met afterwards in the church for Terce. The monks then assembled in chapter for conference with their abbot and for individual confession of faults committed against the Rule; the children had their breakfast of bread and milk or light ale.

About ten o'clock the morning's task would be given to each boy. Sometimes he would help in a corner of the kitchen, preparing vegetables or cleaning pots and pans; sometimes in the bakery or in the wash house, laundering clothes and laying them outside on the grass to dry; sometimes in the garden, pulling up weeds; sometimes sweeping the barn and granary, where the grain was threshed and stored, or hunting eggs in the hen house. As he grew older, he was promoted to churning the milk in the dairy for curds and whey, for butter and cheese, to tending the cows and sheep and horses; sometimes, to his great joy, he would be allowed to go with the monks who fished for

their dinner from the stream near by. Now and again he would run errands for the Brother who was sowing seed or ploughing in the monastery fields or hammering out iron on the forge.

But to Bede his lessons were far more interesting than any other duty, even fishing. As soon as he arrived, he began to learn his Latin, in the *Pater Noster* and *Credo*; next to understand and even to memorize the psalms, the hymns and chants, the antiphons and the responses, which were used in the daily Offices of the Rule. He and his classmates were drilled well in reading those aloud, and they worked hard; for slips and mistakes in chanting or in reading were held grievous faults, even in a grown-up Brother. Their Latin gradually became a second language, added to their native Anglo-Saxon. Presently they began to read different parts of the Latin Vulgate or the old Italian text of the Bible and simple Latin stories of the saints. They learned also Latin names for things of daily life, of the monastery, of the church, of the farm and fields and of the various callings of men. Every day their store of words grew, and every day they practiced their hands and minds in writing Latin sentences, even, as time went on, Latin narratives. It helped much that they were forbidden to talk in their own Anglo-Saxon except on special occasions, such as great feasts of the Church. Sometimes they watched the monks writing in the *scriptorium*, where manuscripts were copied and adorned with illumination. Bede en-

joyed, too, his lessons in singing, given by a monk named John the Chanter, whom, by special permission of Pope Agatho, Benedict Biscop had brought back with him on his last return from Italy. Bede never forgot how wonderful the music at Wearmouth had seemed. All his life he was to love sacred songs and hymns, whether written in his own Anglo-Saxon language or in the Latin of the Church, from Ambrose and Prudentius in the 4th century down to Aldhelm of his own time.

He was a thoughtful child, not given to the whispering and laughter of his more mischievous companions. As the years went on, he felt more and more at home in the monastery. Especially he loved the Church of Saint Peter, at night when the lamps threw from its chapels light lost in the darkness of the walls rising high above his head, and in the day when he watched from his place at Mass the altar adorned with jeweled vessels and tapestry of gold, the priests in their vestments of deep, rich coloring. Often, too, he would ask permission to stay in the church alone, when all the monks were occupied elsewhere. Then he would walk around and look long at all the things it held. There were the strange animals carved in stone upon the archway; the relics of saints and martyrs in their reliquaries, which reflected the sun as it fell through the glass windows upon their jewels, red and blue and green; the pictures which stood on boards, on both sides and across from wall to wall. Wherever you looked,

you saw either the Lord or one of His saints; it made you feel very, very much in their presence, almost afraid. As you walked across the church, you saw first the Mother of God, and then all the 12 Apostles, one after another; when you reached the south side, you found the stories of the Gospels, the life of the Lord Christ from His birth to His ascending into heaven; on the opposite, the north side, were the sights of which Saint John had told in his *Apocalypse*. He would linger a long time on this north side and think about the Last Judgment, of which his teacher Trumbert had told him and the other boys. Trumbert now and then would bring them all into the church and give them their Bible lessons while they looked at the pictures. Sometimes, he, too, would tell them of the saints whose images were standing there.

At noontide Sext was said in the Church of Saint Peter and shortly afterward None; then all had dinner in the refectory about two o'clock, the first meal of the day for the brethren who were not sick nor old. Some who were sufficiently skilled read aloud while the others sat at tables; others served the dishes from the kitchen. Duties were assigned in turn, week by week, to each Brother. The food was varied, fish, eggs, cheese, butter, green vegetables, porridge; the children were allowed some meat, forbidden to the adult monks unless prescribed in illness by the Brother in charge of the infirmary. The rude cups were filled with beer or mead, milk or water.

After dinner there were lessons, too. When the sun had set, all gathered in the church for Vespers. After Vespers the children had their supper in the refectory and returned to church for a short reading by one of the monks, followed by Compline, the last Office of the day. In the wintertime all the community went to bed about seven in the early darkness; in summer, when the days were longer, dinner was served at midday and all were allowed to sleep awhile afterward. Vespers, supper, and Compline then came in the daylight, and long before dark the Great Silence had settled on the house.

It was a hard life; but, of course, there were compensations. No doubt the children were often set free to play and talk with one another and were sent to rest when they were tired. On the other hand, discipline was firmly maintained, and willful and careless faults were frequently visited by the rod of chastisement.

Thus a year or two passed after Bede came to Wearmouth. When he was about nine years old, Benedict Biscop announced that King Egfrid had decided to give the monks another piece of land for the building of a second monastery. This was at In Gyruum, Jarrow, where the Rivers Don and Tyne meet. Here Biscop built houses of stone, with a church dedicated, by Egfrid's wish, to St. Paul. Although the two monasteries were about five miles apart, they were always held as one, and the brethren of both belonged to the same community.

Biscop called a chapter of his monks and appointed Ceolfrid, his prior, as abbot of Jarrow. Ceolfrid moved to Jarrow, taking with him about 17 monks, among them very probably the child Bede, who certainly spent nearly all his life at Jarrow.

Then Biscop, feeling that a younger man could better cope with the problems of the household, entrusted active care of Wearmouth to Easterwine, his cousin, a man of noble birth and humble simplicity. Over both his abbots Biscop retained the right of chief ruler and director.

In 684 Father Biscop left England to visit Rome. He was away until 686, and tragedy fell upon his monastery in his absence. In 685 there came upon England one of those terrible visitations of the yellow plague which were frequent during the 7th century.

The mortality was heavy at Jarrow. At length all who could read or chant the music of the Offices were dead, except Abbot Ceolfrid and one boy, about 13. Tradition has commonly held that this was Bede himself. The abbot ordered that all the Hours except Matins and Vespers should be recited without music. After a week, however, his sense of form and ritual could bear this no longer; he decided that he and this boy would chant the psalms together, each in turn, verse by verse, until he had trained the novices, who were ignorant of music, or had found new brethren who could take part.

Both houses, although sadly deplet-

ed, were exceedingly glad at Biscop's return and at the treasures he brought. There were many books to add to the store of those he had brought back from previous visits to France and Italy. For the Church of St. Paul there were pictures of a new kind, painted in pairs, one picture from the Old Testament, explained and illustrated by another from the New. Bede never tired of looking at these and thinking out their meaning. There were two he liked especially. One showed Isaac, a boy like himself, carrying wood for the sacrifice of his own death, and, just above, the Lord Christ carrying the cross on which He, too, was willing to die.

Bede's studies passed from those of the child to higher things. He learned the mathematics and astronomy by which men calculated the feast days of the Church. He pored over his Latin Bible and the writings of the Latin theologians of the West: Cyprian, Ambrose, Jerome, Augustine, Gregory.

Thus the time passed until he had reached his 19th year, in 691 or 692. The age prescribed by the canon law of the Church for entry upon deacon's Orders was 25, and we can imagine how far Bede must have outstripped the average when he was accepted at 19 by his bishop, upon Abbot Ceolfrid's request.

The bishop who ordained Bede deacon was John of Beverley; the same John advanced him to the priesthood in his 30th year.

Shortly after he entered the diacon-

ate we may imagine him as not only teaching in Jarrow but also as writing manuals that would aid his instruction. His first efforts would naturally be concerned with textbooks, and of those we have three from this earlier time. One of them describes itself as *On Orthography*. The two other textbooks were *On the Art of Metre* and *On the Figures and Tropes of Holy Scripture*.

As a priest Bede continued to teach and write. From work on the rules of prose and poetry, belonging to the elementary course of liberal arts, the trivium, he now turned to write for his students a little manual, *On Times*, based on the study of one of the subjects of the more advanced quadrivium, that of chronology.

With his *On Times* Bede on three occasions couples another treatise of his, *On the Nature of Things*, written about 703. Here he deals with cosmography, teaching his monks what Pliny in his *Natural History* and Isidore in his *Etymologies* had told concerning nature. They read of the heavens and the waters above the firmament; of the sun and the moon and the stars of heaven; of showers and winds; of hail and snow, of lightnings and clouds; of why the sea is salt and why the Red sea is red; of the earth and its shape, its inner fires and quakings, its divisions and their placing.

In the thirty years which followed he steadily pursued the aim of his literary life: the teaching of men, both by the history of the Church and of her saints

and by the interpretation of the various books included in her Scriptures.

The Life and Martyrdom of Saint Felix of Nola, as Bede himself tells us, was a translation into prose of the *Life* composed in verse by Paulinus, a native of Gaul, early fifth-century bishop of the Italian city of Nola.

Bede's *Life and Martyrdom of Saint Anastasius* is now lost. It told of the Persian convert to Christianity put to death under King Chosroes of Persia in 628, and still venerated in the Church of Saints Vincent and Anastasius on the outskirts of Rome. Bede had found a life of the saint "badly translated from the Greek and altered for the worse by someone who did not know his business"; he made the best sense he could from its jumbled text.

His *Book of Martyrs*, which he composed by gathering details from many lives of saints and much ecclesiastical literature, became the model for what are called the "historical martyrologies" of the ninth century; they in their turn formed the basis of the present Roman Martyrology.

As a little boy in Wearmouth and Jarrow, Bede had heard of Cuthbert, Father of the brethren of Lindisfarne. As a lad of about 16, he had been present with all his community when Jarrow sang Requiem for the holy man in 687. And so, as he grew more skilled with his pen, he proceeded to write the marvels that had answered Cuthbert's prayers during his life, the miracles wrought on Lindisfarne at his tomb. Altogether Bede wrote a

thousand lines of hexameter verse in his honor.

Some time afterward the community of Lindisfarne and their bishop Eadfrid requested a more detailed life in prose, and Bede set to work again. With scrupulous care he investigated facts anew, searched for further material, and submitted his work to the senior monks at Lindisfarne. During two days they read and debated, then pronounced it to be truly worthy of its subject. It was finished before the end of 721, the mature work of a scholar nearing 50.

From time to time we come upon some story in it which we could not spare: how while traveling Cuthbert refused to break his fast on a Friday but begged for food for his horse, and how the horse, inspired of God, found bread for its master in the evening, when fasting hours were over; how, when he was sick of the plague, the brethren of Melrose prayed for him all night, and, hearing of this, he cried, "And why do I stay in bed? God certainly has not despised the prayers of so many men such as you! Hand me my staff and my shoes!"; how Boisil, prior of Melrose, read with him the Gospel of St. John in the seven days before Boisil died, that he might teach him all he could in the time still left, and how they read right to the end because they talked only of the simple "faith which worketh by love" and left out all the knotty problems; how an eagle brought a fish for Cuthbert and his boy to eat when they were on a journey, and Cuthbert scolded the

boy because he did not give the eagle half of the fish for its share; how on Lindisfarne "he wore ordinary clothes, and was conspicuous neither for elegance nor for shabbiness," so that his monks did not wear a habit of any striking or expensive color but merely of natural wool; how, when he was alone on Farne and his brethren of Lindisfarne came to visit him, he gave them a goose to cook and eat before they went home, and how they forgot, because they were not hungry, and were punished for their disobedience by a raging storm which kept them on Farne for seven days and would not abate until the goose was sizzling in the pot; how he spent his last hours on Farne, as Herefrid told, who tended him and gave him Communion of the Lord's Body and Blood just before he died.

In another book Bede showed that he could write the histories of men as men, holy and learned, but unadorned by the working of miracles. This was his *Lives of the Abbots of the Monastery in Wearmouth and Jarrow*, in which he gave the details of his own abbey and the years he spent there. It is refreshing to read so early a narrative, one of the first historical descriptions of an English monastery, which tells of men and their workings, spiritual, intellectual, physical, in a purely human and natural way.

Yet it was to the second part of his aim as teacher, to the passing on for other men the learning of the Church Fathers and theologians in their inter-

pretation of the Bible as far as his age knew it, mixed with a few comments of his own, that Bede gave most of his time for study. One of his first books of interpretation of Holy Scripture was his *Explanation of the Revelation of Saint John* and it was probably, soon after that Bede began his *Exposition of the Acts of the Apostles*. Of the latter there are 77 extant manuscripts, no fewer than 14 having been copied before 900 A.D. No further proof is needed of the eagerness with which students read his notes upon the Bible. Here, as elsewhere, he discusses variations of texts; he compares Greek with Latin, not always felicitously; he gives details of geography, chronology, and mythology; he borrows, at times too trustfully, a meaning for words from Jerome or other authority; he imparts Scriptural tradition. The more we read, the more we realize how extraordinarily wide for that time was his knowledge of the books useful in his task.

The commentary of Bede views the Gospel of Luke as emphasizing the priesthood of our Lord. It begins with the priesthood of Zacharias; it tells of the Christ as priestly Intercessor for His enemies, as Priest and Victim upon the cross; it ends with the Apostles offering praise to God in His temple, as priests of the new order to come.

From the New Testament Bede now passed to the Old and studied with deep care the First Book of Samuel. The attraction he had always felt toward mystical comment now reached its zenith, and he deliberately called

his commentary *Allegorica Expositio*. This extremely mystical bent was unfortunate; for many of the interpretations spring from a mind in some ways overbusy in imagining, and their continuance without end soon tires a reader who was not born to enjoy them for his soul's edification in the Middle Ages. A commentary on the Gospel of St. Mark followed next, with much repetition of material from the previous work on St. Luke. Probably in 720 Bede was writing his commentary on Genesis, carried only as far as chapter XXI, verse 10. To the modern scholar it is the comparison of texts, his drawing from earlier sources, which makes the study of Bede full of interest and value.

Bede now reverted to his first love, that of chronology. For many years the monks of Wearmouth-Jarrow had been complaining, as well they might, that the little work which Bede had written in 703, *On Times*, was not detailed enough. In 725, therefore, more than 20 years later, he wrote another treatise, far more elaborate, on the same subject. It has come down to us under the name *On the Reckoning of Times*; Bede himself called it his "longer book on times." This longer work begins with a description of the reckoning on the fingers practiced in ancient and medieval times; and the account given here by Bede is the earliest still existing. Bede has left us also the earliest list still extant of the names of the months as used in England by heathen Saxons. Of special interest is the name of May, *Thrimilchi*, the

month of three milkings a day; for August, *Weodmonath*, the month of weeds; for September, *Halgimonth*, the month of sacred rites in honor of idols.

In 731 Bede, amid dark shadows upon politics and religion alike, wrote the *History of the Church of the English People*. The narrative extends from the time of Caesar's invasion of Britain in 55 B.C. until the year 731 A.D. As we pass from one to another of its five books, we gather innumerable details concerning life in England, ecclesiastical, monastic, secular: of the ritual and usages of the Church; of the daily life and Rule of Religious Communities and solitaries; of the manners, doings, and sufferings of ordinary men and women in the century of Bede.

During all his years of literary work Bede faithfully fulfilled his whole daily round. Very probably he was excused from manual tasks in house and garden on account of the many hours he spent each day in the library and his cell, over manuscripts hard to decipher, often written in obscure and dim characters; taking roll after roll from their cases, examining, comparing, replacing them, at last patiently inscribing, page after page; and doing all with none of the comforts so necessary to a modern scholar. Much time, also, was given to teaching the younger brethren of the monastery.

Yet these occupations, beloved as they were, stood only as the lower part of his life. As priest he gave his time

to administering the sacraments, to preaching often in St. Peter's church; every day he prayed alone; at the appointed Hours of night and day he sang the monastic Offices with his brethren.

His last days came in the spring of 735. For about two weeks before Easter he had suffered from marked weakness and shortness of breath, though with very little pain. Then he had rallied, and from Easter to Rogationtide he was serene and happy, constantly given, as ever, to secret prayer and study, save when he joined the brethren, so far as he could, in their chanting of the Hours, or slept for a short while at night. Every day, also, he taught in the monastery school and spoke to his yet unlearned novices in their Anglo-Saxon tongue; more and more his last words turned upon the soul's journey from this earth to the judgment seat of God. He was also translating into Anglo-Saxon the Gospel of St. John and some passages from the works of Isidore.

But on Tuesday before Ascension day his breathing became much more labored and a swelling was noticed in his feet. He urged his young men to be quick to learn "for I do not know how long I have to live—whether my Creator may soon take me hence."

Very early the next morning he bade them take up once more their writing and went on dictating to them until the third hour of the day, when the community marched out in the Rogation ritual, carrying the relics of saints

as they walked, and sang the litany of prayer for God's blessing on their fields. One of the novices remained behind, a boy named Wilbert. "There is one more chapter to translate," he said, "and it is hard for you to answer any more questions." "No, it is easy," Bede answered. "Put your pen in the ink and write fast." At the ninth hour in the afternoon Cuthbert was with him. Suddenly he made a request. Would Cuthbert call together the priests of the monastery? In fear the young man ran to gather them together. Bede then said good-by as he gave to each something of the little possessions that were lying in his box, gifts sent him by friends: pepper, used for seasoning, napkins, and incense. "Long have I lived," he ended, "and the gracious Judge has wisely ordered my life. The time of my departure is at hand, for my soul longs to behold the Christ, my King, in His beauty."

Once more he was alone with the boy Wilbert as it drew slowly toward evening and he still worked on. At last Wilbert spoke again, "Dear master, there remains yet one sentence to write." He answered, "Good, write it." For a moment the pen went on. Then the boy said, "Now all is written," and Bede replied, "It is well, you have spoken the truth; for 'it is finished.' Take my head into your hands, I would sit over against the place in which I used to pray, that there I may call upon my Father." So, sitting on the floor of his cell, he chanted the *Gloria*, and began his new life "in the glory of God, the Father."

Cardinal Dougherty

By
THOMAS B. MORGAN



Condensed chapter
of a book*

THE highest-ranking prelate in the U. S. today enjoys his dignified distinction because of his seniority. Primacy of position comes to Dennis Cardinal Dougherty because he has been a cardinal longer than

any of his cardinalial colleagues in America. After the death of Cardinal Gibbons in 1921, Cardinal O'Connell was dean of the American hierarchy for 23 years. Dougherty assumed it in 1944 when O'Connell died.

A silent though not unnoticed reverence is paid the senior cardinal. Wherever he is, he takes precedence over all other cardinals, archbishops, and bishops in America. His word carries weighty significance in the councils of the bishops when they meet for their periodic convocations in Washington. He is ex-officio chairman of many of the boards and committees among them. The position of honor is always reserved for him no matter what ecclesiastical function he attends. He will enjoy all these privileges and prerogatives as long as he lives.

His 81 years have been most benevolent in withholding the usual adversities of age. He was born Aug. 16, 1865,

in Girardville, Schuylkill county, Pa., which is now in the Philadelphia area. Today he takes active command of the pastorate of nearly a million communicants.

Perhaps most men do not change very much in the mature period of their lives. Certainly Cardinal Dougherty is one of those who can maintain an even tenor in countenance as well as in spirit, as if his strength were to be perennial. Not tall, he gives an impression of massiveness. Certainly what he lacks in height he more than balances with a robust frame which confirms the tradition about him that few men could outdo him in his earlier days in a test of strength. Usually his face is expressive of tense decision. His step is steady, though hardly spirited. His gestures bear testimony that life goes on in an even tempo, though he can show displeasure. None of his movements is quick but each is regular, as if to indicate that time must be measured but not wasted. Tenacity, scholarship, studied judgment are the attributes which have evolved from this highly experienced prince of the Church.

*Speaking of Cardinals. 1946. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 2 W. 45th St., New York City, 19.
264 pp. \$3.

His life was to take him around the world several times. He could be called a wanderer from Philadelphia, though he returned to it as the head of the archiepiscopal See. His higher education started when he left Philadelphia to attend the Jesuit St. Mary's college in Montreal, Canada. St. Mary's furnished him with an excellent command of languages, especially French. He speaks Spanish and Italian with equal fluency.

For his preliminary philosophical training he returned to Philadelphia, where he attended St. Charles seminary. He studied there two years and was chosen to go to the North American college in Rome for his further philosophical and theological work. From this institution he was graduated in 1885 but was four years too young to be ordained. He pursued further studies in the College of Propaganda Fide, the highest ecclesiastical institution of Rome. There he obtained the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology, and was ordained at the age of 25. It is not without significance that his historical turn of mind induced him to choose the Basilica of St. John Lateran as scene of his ordination. This is the primatial church of all Christendom, known traditionally among Catholics as Head and Mother of Churches.

His learning was destined to make him a likely choice for a professorship in a theological seminary. He returned to Philadelphia and was immediately assigned by Archbishop Ryan as pro-

fessor of theology at St. Charles. He spent 12 years teaching, during which time he registered the imprint of his personality and knowledge on thousands.

Knowledge of his qualities could not be kept within archdiocesan limits. Besides, he had left a great reputation in Rome itself. His leadership with students, his profound erudition, and his authority as a theological analyst, together with his talent for languages, brought him to the attention of the supreme Pontiff, Leo XIII. And it was well for the Pontiff, too, because in 1903 he had decided to take the administration of the Philippines out of the hands of the Spanish bishops, who had ruled the Church there for 300 years.

Acute trouble had developed in the islands following the cession to the U. S. in 1899. It was inevitable that readjustments would have to be made between the new civil authorities and the bishops. The rule, both political and ecclesiastical, had been autocratically Spanish. Spanish institutions in education and administration had dominated the islands.

Complicating the purely administrative functions necessitated by the change was an independent religious movement which started in northern Luzon. The Rt. Rev. Gregorio Aglipay, ecclesiastical governor of the diocese of Nueva Segovia, organized a schismatic movement from the Roman Church, which had been the faith of 90% of the population. The movement gained ground and its purely

schismatic nature posed a serious problem.

First, it was necessary to attempt to prevent the spread of the schism, which had become known as the Aglipayan movement. It had actually gone beyond a schismatic church and could easily be classified as heretical, but the Roman authorities preferred reunion to excommunication. The new church proclaimed its adherence to modern science and even announced that its belief attributed greater authority to science than to Biblical tradition. Aglipay denied miracles, and repudiated the portions of Holy Scripture which related those of Christ. With such a radical departure, it did seem strange that the cult held to the Roman ritual, though Spanish was substituted for Latin.

This was certainly a problem calling for great tact and perspicacity. Surveying the field for someone to measure up to it, the Pope decided to call Father Dennis Joseph Dougherty, professor of dogmatic theology, from his chair in St. Charles seminary. He was to go to the Philippines to arrest the Aglipayan schism. Recalling the former Spanish bishop at Nueva Segovia, the Pontiff designated Dougherty as the new bishop. He was the first American appointed under the new policy the Pope had established in substituting American for Spanish administrators.

The bishop started out for his thorny assignment with more apprehension than joy. He was not a bishop at 37 just to wear a miter. His innate rest-

lessness for solving the knottiest complexities spurred him into the field. His square jaw was no mere facial embellishment but indicated his inherent bracing aggressiveness. His thorough groundwork and profound erudition in doctrinal theology made him impregnable to schism or heresy. His gift for languages was turned to good account, since he could speak to the native clergy and their communicants in a tongue they could understand.

When he arrived at his See city he reopened the theological seminary of the diocese at Vigan. He had recruited five Philadelphia priests to go with him into the chaotic labyrinth of cross-currents. To them he assigned the tasks of organizing the new seminary and enrolling students from among the Filipinos themselves. Those he intended to use as nucleus of a new, militant native priesthood. He later invited missionaries from Belgium to assist him. Then he decided to ask the Fathers of the Divine Word of Steyl, Holland, to come out and battle for the faith. A large group of them accepted.

The schismatics had taken over much Church property. Bishop Dougherty protested that the churches, schools, and charitable institutions which they seized were by right the property of Catholic communicants, that they were built as Catholic institutions by adherents to the Catholic faith. Appeal was made to the American civil government. The civil authorities avoided any responsibility in deciding such a delicate issue. The en-

tire matter was referred to the Philippine courts, which decided each case on its own merits. Most suits were won by the Roman diocesan jurists. Thus the bishop, though weighed down by a net of entangling problems, was able to salvage a number of Catholic churches and institutions which enabled him to establish diocesan administration on a firmer basis. In five years his seminary was graduating priests.

Five years of tireless travail and anxiety resulted in successful accomplishment of the mission. Leo XIII promoted Bishop Dougherty from the See of Nueva Segovia to that of Jaro. Here the problem of the schismatics was greater; other jurisdictional and administrative obstacles made Jaro a much heavier task than Nueva Segovia. But Bishop Dougherty had found the key for solving the abstruse irregularities in the religious irresponsibility of the agitators of the new cult. He worked closely and tactfully with the American authorities, and his efforts were finally crowned with success.

Conflicts between the Philippine insurrectionists and the regulars had destroyed many churches and other institutions in the Jaro diocese. Bishop Dougherty had to rebuild his own episcopal residence. Intermittently he returned to the U. S. to collect funds. His policy concentrated on administering to the physical sufferings as well as the spiritual shortcomings of the natives. He built a new seminary because he had early conceived the key problem of the Church as based on the

training of a sufficient number of native clergy. A new hospital, largest in the Far East, was constructed at Iliolo.

Finally, by order of President Theodore Roosevelt, steps were taken toward a settlement on Church property between the U.S. government and the Catholic Church. William Howard Taft, later President of the U. S. and still later chief justice, but at this time the secretary of war, visited the islands. The situation relating to Catholic Religious Orders was explained to him. He returned home by way of Japan, China, and India. Passing through the Mediterranean, he stopped off in Italy and there was received in audience by the Pope. A final agreement was reached in which the various Religious Orders were given possession of the lands and institutions which they had formerly held.

All those happy developments out of the somewhat chaotic state in which Philippine religious affairs had fallen were quite inevitably entered on the credit side for Bishop Dougherty. Succeeding popes, especially Benedict XV, had watched his labors. Benedict recalled him and appointed him Bishop of Buffalo. This might have been a short respite, though it was none, because of the parish extensions and building operations inaugurated in his new diocese. His ability had been already measured. The Pontiff knew Dougherty as an ardent, ceaseless toiler. When the See of Philadelphia became vacant in the spring of 1918, it was Dougherty who was chosen archbishop July 10, 1918.

Thus, to the great joy of Philadelphia Catholics, he came back to his native city to assume the throne of its cathedral. He knew the problems of the archdiocese well. He had lived there as an infant, gone to school there as a boy, studied there as a youth, and taught there as a man. He was now in the very prime of life. He had reaped a wealth of spiritual and administrative experience in both hemispheres. Now all that he had learned would be bestowed with unstinting effort on the archdiocese he had long wished to serve.

The summit of a career was now being reached. In terms of the length of time that members of the Catholic hierarchy wait for their promotions, Dougherty's successive elevations were rapid. Finally, he was made a cardinal, this lofty dignity being the first ever bestowed in the archdiocese. He had been archbishop only two years and nine months when the elevation came. In the elaborate Hall of Benedictions on March 10, 1921, Benedict XV held the red hat over his head. He was a lone American taking his cardinalatial honors that day. The lordliness of the red robes had still to await their imposition on Hayes and Mundelein, though the latter had been an archbishop then for six years.

When it was decided to hold the 33rd International Eucharistic Congress in Manila, the high designation of papal legate to bear the papal blessing from Rome seemed to center on one personality. The legate speaks with the

authority of the Holy Father himself. He is entitled to the same honors as the Pontiff. Often at such huge gatherings communicants genuflect before him as they would in the presence of the Holy Father. The honor went to Dougherty. He was the best endowed by experience and knowledge to grace the great gathering with credit to himself and to the Supreme Pastor whom he was to represent.

When the call came, Dougherty went to Rome to kneel before the Pontiff to receive the pontifical blessing. He was accompanied by a number of priests who had served in the Philippines, and some intimate relatives. His entrance into Rome was simple enough, but after the Pontiff's authority was delegated to him the Italian government began paying him the honors due a sovereign. Leaving the Hotel Ambassadeurs with his entourage, in his full cardinalatial robes, he was escorted to the station by a platoon of full-dressed motorcycle police. As he descended from the papal automobile, masters of protocol from the Italian foreign office escorted him into the royal waiting room, where carabinieri in quaint Napoleonic uniforms stood at attention, forming a guard of honor. A special saloon car was assigned him for his trip to Naples, where he boarded a liner direct for Manila. During the long journey the steamer flew the papal flag; Masses were said every day; the luxurious craft was a floating cathedral.

On his arrival at Manila the legate found that exceptional preparations

had been made by the civil authorities. He was welcomed at the Admirals' landing by the mayor of Manila, Juan Posadas. Philippine troops, Boy Scouts, school cadets, and student nurses lined Dewey boulevard all the way to the ancient cathedral. There Mass was sung and the four-day congress began. The first day was designated as men's day; the second was set apart for the women; the third was concentrated on children's activities.

The fourth day brought the climax of the immense concourse. It was estimated that a million pilgrims had gathered for the final Mass and the papal benediction. Aerial bombs were exploded at dawn and church bells were rung, as if to give the people the signal for a great spiritual awakening. The site of the convocation was the sea front at the great oval outdoor meeting place, the Lineta, transformed for the day into an immense amphitheater. The altar, covered with a golden *baldacchino*, shone brilliantly in the morning sun as an immense procession of clerics and laity began pouring into the great meeting place.

This procession had passed through lines of cheering multitudes who had stood along the route. Two columns of the militant faithful marched in reverent step along the wide boulevard leading to the Lineta. On the left was the women's column, 12 deep. On the right were the men, also in phalanxes of 12. Children numbering 40,000, girls in white and boys in their colorful native costumes, marched in ser-

ried companies. Banners were held aloft registering the common faith of the congregated hundreds of thousands.

The improvised amphitheater became a sweeping mass of song and chant. Voices were raised to the glory of the universal Father. High prelates ranged about the altar. All eyes were focused on what was to transpire there. The Mass was sung with a religious fervor which encompassed the moving souls of a million children of man. The tension reached uncontrollable emotional heights. Presently it was the moment for the benediction, direct from the throne of the Holy Father.

Here the man who had toiled to restore the Church in the Philippines to its militant strength and now was the embodiment of the authority of the Prince of the Apostles lifted high the monstrance in the triple blessing. This was the culminating moment of the gigantic assemblage emblematic of the reverence paid by 400 other millions spread over the world.

Then the multitude waited to listen to the voice of the very successor of St. Peter transmitted from far-off Rome into the very heart of the Far East. Men, women, and children listened with quickened emotion. The voice from Rome, as the common father to them all, welcomed the sons and daughters into the spiritual feast. The broad expanse of the Pope's domains had been united in the blessing.

What Dougherty experienced coursing through his veins and through his soul has been experienced by no other

American. It has not fallen to the lot of any other hierarch in the Catholic Church in America to represent the Supreme Pontiff on such a world-wide mission. Legates have been appointed from among the American cardinals

but none has had the supreme spiritual experience of carrying the authority of the Pope to the far ends of the earth, and of bestowing his apostolic blessing as if it had been transmitted by the living hands of the supreme shepherd.



This Struck Me

WHEN we contemplate the death of a young priest in the flower of his manhood and in the midst of his priestly ministry, when we hear about a young man in the prime of life suddenly struck down by an untimely mine explosion, when we read of the sudden death of kings, we are forcibly made to realize that we are born but to die; we are made to understand that death is the great leveler, that death is no respecter of persons, that death is the great certitude. Nobody, I think, outside the writers of Scripture, has expressed the fact better than Sir Walter Raleigh, writing shut up in the London Tower, waiting for his own execution.

It is therefore Death alone that can suddenly make man to know himself. He tells the proud and insolent that they are but abjects, and humbles them at the instant; makes them cry, complain and repent, yea, even to hate their fore-past happiness. He takes the account of the rich, and proves him a beggar, a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful and makes them see therein their deformity and rottenness, and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded, what none hath dared, thou hast done, and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-fetched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic Jacet*. [Here lies . . .]

From Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World* quoted in Moore and Bush's *English Prose: 1600-1660* (1930: Doubleday. \$2.50).

For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. We are sorry, but it will be impossible to acknowledge or return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.

The South American way

Slave and Citizen

By

FRANK TANNENBAUM



Condensation of
the book*

THE first in the American slave traffic were the Portuguese. In the first quarter of the 15th century the African coast for 4,000 miles, from the Senegal river in the North to the southern port of Angola beyond the Equator, lay open to the slave trader. He came to tap this inexhaustible source of black labor and carry it across the ocean to work in the New World. A commerce in which human beings from Africa were bartered for goods manufactured in Europe grew up on a vast scale. Those goods were specialties for different parts of the African coast. On the leeward coast the trade goods were iron bars, crystal beads, corals, and brass-mounted cutlasses. Brass basins were required on the Ivory Coast. Copper and iron bars were needed on the Slave Coast and at Calabar. Arms, gunpowder, tallow, sheets, cotton and serge fabrics from Europe and the East Indies, spirits, and beads were of general use. Special care had to be devoted to the color scheme of the goods. Anything blue was rejected on the Gambia, while only blue aggrary beads were acceptable on the Gold Coast. The goods were largely drawn from England; the ships, the merchants, the sailors, and

the finances came from all of the leading commercial nations that had ships at sea.

In the ten years between 1783 and 1793 Liverpool put 878 ships into trade, and shipped 303,737 Negroes from Africa, at a value of £15,186,850. Almost everyone in Liverpool had some share in the trade. Many of the smaller vessels, that imported about 100 slaves, were fitted out by attorneys, drapers, grocers, chandlers, bankers, tailors, and so on. Some had an eighth, some a sixteenth, and some a thirty-second of a share in the undertaking.

The slave trade gave rise in Great Britain and other countries to numerous industries to supply the goods needed in barter. It required thousands of ship carpenters, joiners, ironmongers, painters, sailmakers, braziers, boatbuilders, coopers, riggers, plumbers, glaziers, gunsmiths, bakers, carters and laborers, and demanded a good deal of copper for ships' bottoms. The trade made possible development of the British West Indies sugar colonies and supplied the agricultural labor for vast areas in tropical South America and in the cotton and tobacco region of the U. S. Sir Josiah Child computes

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that every Englishman who went to the West Indian colonies employed eight or ten Negroes, and feeding, clothing, and equipping them supported four men in England, while an Englishman emigrating to New England would not help support even one man at home.

The trade was exceedingly cruel. A sort of indifference to human suffering grew upon those engaged in it that would be hard to believe if the record were not completely preserved. We of our day have also become accustomed to seeing the human body racked and tortured without being benumbed by sheer horror. But with us, at least so we hope, this is a temporary aberration that will soon pass. The slave trade, on the other hand, lasted more than four centuries and involved, in some measure, all the nations of Europe and many in this hemisphere, and counted among its victims perhaps as many as 20 million human beings.

Little Negro villages in the interior of Africa were frequently attacked in the middle of the night; the people were either killed or captured by Europeans themselves, or, more frequently, by Africans acting for Europeans, and the victims left alive were shackled with a collar about the neck, men, women, and children, and driven for hundreds of miles to the coast. This human caravan, guarded by armed men, with the leaders of the expedition carried in litters, would sometimes trek 1,000 miles through the jungle before reaching the stations where the Negroes destined for the slave trade

could be disposed of. There they were assembled in stockades and kept against the time when a European slave ship would arrive loaded with "African goods" for barter. Such a ship might have loaded up in Liverpool, Nantes, Amsterdam, Bridgeport, or other city. The Negroes were mainly young, ranging between 16 and 30. When the ship was loaded to capacity it started off for the New World.

A ship usually required nine months for a round trip; but if the weather were bad, or if the captain found upon reaching the African station that he had been preceded by another ship in the trade, more time might be required. Under such circumstances, the captain would throw the available Negroes into the hold, and wait for a new batch to arrive, or seek to fill the ship at other stations. Some ships spent six months trying to fill their holds with Negroes, moving from port to port on the hot African coast, with their living cargoes pining away. When the ship was finally filled, it would set out to vend its living wares across the Atlantic. But if misfortune followed the ship, the prospective market might be overcrowded with new Negroes just delivered by another ship in the trade, and the captain, with an eye to the profit of the trip, would trek from island to island in the West Indies until he finally disposed of his human cargo.

Aboard ship men and women were crowded between decks, with little ventilation. There they were kept 15

or 16 hours a day, on good days, that is, in darkness, without sanitation, and without running water, naked, and with chains about their ankles. Two men were chained together, as a rule, the right ankle of one to the left ankle of another. And, thus crowded and bound hand and foot, they were allowed a space barely larger than a grave, 5' 6" long, 16" broad, and 2' to 3' high, not high enough to sit up in. The men and women were kept apart on the voyage.

Rev. R. Walsh recorded in 1831 the opening of the hatches on a slave ship. "Many of them were foaming at the mouth, and in the last stages of fury and desperation, struggling to extricate themselves. When they were all dragged up, 19 of them were dead. Many destroyed one another, in the hopes of procuring room to breathe; men strangled those next them, and women drove nails into each other's brains. Many took the first opportunity of leaping overboard, and getting rid, in this way, of an intolerable life." When the weather cleared away and the hatches were opened, the stench was such as to overcome those unused to it. But when the day was clear, they were taken out, given water to wash their hands and faces, a little lime juice to cleanse their mouths, and food, Indian corn, yams, barley and biscuit. On cold days a little rum was passed about, and when the weather permitted, they were doused in salt water to keep them well and given a little palm oil to rub their bodies with. All going well, they were given native

musical instruments and encouraged to play their native songs, to sing and dance.

In case of rebellion and mutiny, the punishment was summary, and sure: hanging to the mast or walking the plank. If the weather was favorable and the ship in good hands, and the trip comparatively short, the traders arrived on the American coast with few losses. But if the ship met rough weather, or had a poor master or was carrier of some contagious disease, then the devil himself would have worked no greater havoc among men. There are cases on record of the larger part of the men dying with disease, of ships running out of water and being forced to cast men overboard to save the rest, of mutiny in which riot and murder ran rampant.

Finally, when the slave trade was abolished and the carrying of Negroes from Africa to America became illegal, the ships were built for speed, and the crowding and barbarities became even worse, if possible. Captains were known, in fear of being captured by war sloops doing guard duty on the African coast or along the approaches to the West Indies or Brazil, to have cast their Negroes overboard; and there are records of as many as 500 Negroes on one of these ships being thrown into the sea for the sharks to devour.

When the ship drew close to the shores of the Western World there was a systematic effort to heal the abrasions on the Negroes' bodies and to

polish their skins with oil. The arrival in port was announced in advance by the firing of a gun, and the crowd of purchasers would rush upon the ship and manhandle the frightened Negroes lined up for inspection. So great was the confusion and fright sometimes produced that Negroes had been known to jump overboard in sheer fright at the new and unpredictable meaning of the sudden excitement. The Negroes desired were marked out by the would-be purchaser by some sign, and the frightened, naked creatures were looked over, measured, felt, and haggled about like cattle at any market. They would finally be sold, the purchaser decorating his prize with a hat and handkerchief and marching him off to be branded. That was the process in its bare details by which the Negro was carried from Africa to America.

All figures are estimates, but about one-third of the Negroes taken from their homes died on the way to the coast and at the embarkation stations, and another third died crossing the ocean, so that only one-third finally survived to become the laborers and colonizers of the New World.

Despite the cost in life, sorrow, and broken bodies, the Negro became the effective means for colonization of vast American regions. Cotton and tobacco in the U. S., sugar in the West Indies, cocoa in Venezuela, sugar, mining, and coffee in Brazil, and a thousand other enterprises elsewhere were dependent upon the Negro. In Brazil the

Negro was so much the laborer that no one else seemed to labor at all, and until very recently it was considered unseemly even to carry a small parcel in the city of Rio. As Mawe puts it, in Brazil the Negro seemed to be the most intelligent person he met, because every occupation, skilled and unskilled, was in Negro hands. In Buenos Aires Negroes built the best churches. They were the field hands, and in many places the miners; they were the cooks, laundresses, mammies, nurses about the houses, coachmen, and laborers on the wharves. But they were also the skilled artisans who built the houses, carved the saints in the churches, constructed the carriages, forged the beautiful ironwork one sees in Brazil, and played in the orchestras. The Negro, slave and free, was the living hand that embellished the setting and provided the art and the spice for the cultured, carefree life that some of the New World plantation centers luxuriated in for so long a time.

But this adventure of the Negro in the New World has been structured differently in the U. S. than in the other parts of this hemisphere. In spite of his adaptability, willingness, and competence, he is excluded and denied. The barrier drawn against the Negro has never been completely effective, but it has served to deny to him the very things that are of greatest value among us, equality of opportunity for growth and development as a man among men.

With all its cruelty, abuse, hardship

and inhumanity, the atmosphere in Brazil and in the Spanish-American countries made for the ultimate freeing of the individual slave. Even in the rural regions slaves were allowed to sell the products from their own plots, given them to work for themselves, and to save their money toward the day of freedom. In addition to their Sundays, the Negroes in Brazil had many holidays, amounting altogether to 84 days a year, which they could use to earn money for themselves. Many a Negro bought the freedom of his wife and children while he himself continued laboring as a slave, and among the freed Negroes societies were organized for pooling resources and collecting funds for the freeing of their brethren still in bondage.

These many provisions favoring manumission were strongly influenced by the Church. Without interfering with the institution of slavery where the domestic law accepted it, the Church early condemned the slave trade and prohibited Catholics from taking part in it. The prohibition was not effective, though it in some measure may have influenced the Spaniards to a rather limited participation in the trade as such. The slave trade had been condemned by Pius II on Oct. 7, 1462, by Paul III on May 29, 1537, by Urban VIII on April 2, 1639, by Benedict XIV on Dec. 20, 1741, and finally by Gregory XVI on Dec. 3, 1839. The grounds of the condemnation were that innocent and free persons were illegally and by force captured and

sold into slavery, that rapine, cruelty, and war were stimulated in the search for human beings to be sold at a profit. But the Church did not interfere with the customary institution where it derived from known practices in a given community, such as born slaves, slaves taken in a just war, or those who had sold themselves or had been condemned by a legitimate court.

The presumption against the slave trade was that it forced persons into slavery outside the law and against their will. More important in the long run than the condemnation of the slave trade proved the Church's insistence that slave and master were equal in the sight of God. They must both recognize their relationship to each other as moral human beings and as brothers in Christ. The master had an obligation to protect the spiritual integrity of the slave, to teach him the Christian religion, to help him achieve the privileges of the sacraments, to guide him into living a good life, and to protect him from sin. The slave had a right to become a Christian, to be baptized, and to be considered a member of the Christian community. Baptism was considered his entrance into the community, and until he was sufficiently instructed to be able to receive it, he was looked upon as out of the community.

From the very beginning the Catholic Church in America insisted that masters bring their slaves to church to learn Christian doctrine and become members. The assembled bishops in Mexico in 1555 urged all Spaniards to

send the Indians and Negroes to church; similarly in Cuba in 1680.

In fact, Negroes were baptized in Angola before leaving for their Atlantic journey to Brazil. Upon arrival they were instructed, and as evidence of their Baptism carried about their necks a mark of the royal crown. As a Catholic, the slave was married in church, and the banns were regularly published. It gave the slave's family moral and religious character unknown in other American slave systems. It became part of the ordinary routine on the slave plantations for the master and slaves to attend church on Sundays, and regularly before retiring at night the slaves gathered before the master's house to receive his blessing. If married by the Church, they could not be separated by the master. In Brazil the slaves adopted the Lady of the Rosary as their own special patroness, sometimes painting her black. They had religious fraternities like those of the whites, and the slaves found a source of pride in becoming members, and honor in serving one of those religious fraternities as an official.

The contrast between the U. S. and British West Indian slave law, on the one hand, and the Spanish and Portuguese, on the other, was further heightened by the different role of the Church in the life of the Negro. The slaves in the British West Indies were almost completely denied the privileges of Christianity. The plantation owners opposed the preaching of the Gospel on the grounds that it would

interfere with the management of the slaves, make them recalcitrant, and put notions of rebellion and freedom into their minds. The argument that Christianity would make the slaves more obedient, and therefore more docile, found little response among the planters. More surprising than the attitude of the slave owners is that of the English church. It is little exaggeration to say, as does one writer on the West Indies, that "the English church did not recognize them as baptizable human beings."

This persistent refusal of Baptism "touched the English conscience to the raw," but custom, tradition, hostility, and fear on the part of the planters proved stronger than missionary zeal. As one writer puts it, "I sincerely believe and am well assured that the slaves being instructed would be less attentive to labor, less inclined to obey their overseers and other deputies, and would be more anxious and more easily enabled to throw off the yoke of slavery altogether." In contrast to Spanish provisions, the law had set up no requirements for the religious training of the Negroes, and it was not till 1816 that the Assembly of Jamaica ordered the vestries to provide chapels, and the curates to attend on Sunday afternoon for the instruction of the Negroes, and on two days a week to visit the neighboring plantations for the same purpose. But action was slow and indifferent, and as late as 1820 no chapel had been built in spite of the fact that some ten or 12 curates had by

then been appointed; some chapels were built after that.

We thus see that it was only after abolition of the slave trade, and when the very institution of slavery itself was on the verge of extinction in the British West Indies, that legal action favoring Christian teaching for the Negroes was adopted. The effect of all this upon the fortunes of the Negro was very serious. As he was not a Christian, marriage in his case was not considered sacramental and was not encouraged. The wife had no legal status, and the family, as such, was not a unit. Legally the British slaves could not be married, and the religious unions could be dissolved at any time. In most of the other British West Indies no slave marriages ever took place. Under an act of the British Parliament, slaves could be sold by the sheriff in the execution of all debts. It was not uncommon to break up the families of the slaves in the satisfaction of debts as well as taxes.

The church bodies in the U. S. were restricted in preaching the Gospel. A series of regulations governing the assembly of Negroes for worship before dawn or after dark seriously interfered with church gatherings; the outright prohibition of Negro preachers or official frowning upon them, the opposition to acquisition of literacy on the part of either slave or freedman, all combined to restrict the development of Negro churches. And the white churches proved incompetent to preach the Gospel to all the millions of American Negroes. In South Carolina, in 1800, gatherings of "any number"

of Negroes, mulattoes, or mestizos, even in company with white persons, for mental instruction or religious worship were forbidden "before sunrise or after sunset."

In spite of these criticisms of the churches in the U. S., it is still true that, at least after 1700, there was no such systematic opposition to the teaching of Christian doctrine to Negro slaves as there was in the British West Indies. How the teachings of Christ were reconciled with the complete disregard of the family and moral status of the slave is a major mystery. But the record does show numerous instances of masters encouraging church attendance by their slaves, and the provision of opportunities for hearing the Gospel preached by white and occasionally even by colored ministers.

The contrast, therefore, between the Spanish and Portuguese slave system and that of Britain and the U. S. was very marked; they had widely differing effects upon the slave, but even more significantly upon the place and moral status of the freedman. Under influence of law and religion, the social milieu in the Spanish and Portuguese colonies made easy room for the Negroes passing from slavery to freedom. The older Mediterranean tradition of the defense of the slave, combined with the effect of Latin-American experience, had prepared an environment into which the Negro freed from slavery could fit without visible handicap. Slavery itself carried no taint. It was a misfortune that had befallen a hu-

man being, and was in itself sufficiently oppressive. The law and religion both frowned upon any attempts to convert it into a means of further oppression.

If the law was solicitous to protect the Negro slave against abuse and defended him as a human being, the Catholic Church opened its doors to him as a Christian, and as early as the 18th century in Brazil, there were not only Negro priests, but even bishops. Not only was the Negro encouraged to secure his freedom, but once he was free no obstacles were placed before his incorporation into the community, in so far as his skills and abilities made that possible. In Brazil the Negroes had done all the work during the colonial period. It was in their ranks that all of the skills, crafts, and arts were to be found, and it was from the ranks of the Negroes and mulattoes that some of the great artists, musicians, and sculptors were drawn. Rich planters in Brazil often educated bright mulatto children and even sent them to Lisbon in pursuit of learning. Negro slaves were often specially educated in specific arts, and Koster notes an instance of a planter who had trained up a private band of musicians by sending some of them to Rio and others to Lisbon. The ranks of the regular army were open to free Negroes and mulattoes, and special Negro regiments were common, sometimes with their own Negro officers, not merely in Brazil but in Cuba and during the revolution for independence in Venezuela.

Nothing said above must induce the

reader to believe that slavery was anything but cruel. It was often brutal. The difference between the systems lies in the fact that in the Spanish and Portuguese colonies the cruelties and brutalities were against the law, that they were punishable, and that they were perhaps not so frequent as in the British West Indies and in the American colonies. But those abuses had a remedy at law, and the Negro had a means of escape legally, by compulsory sale if the price were offered, and by many other means. More important was the fact that the road was open to freedom, and, once free, the Negro enjoyed, on the whole, a legal status equal to that of any other subject of the king or any other citizen of the state.

In the U. S. the very opposite had come to pass. For reasons of historical accident and conditioning, the Negro became identified with the slave, and the slave with the eternal pariah for whom there could be no escape. The slave could not ordinarily become a free man, and if chance and good fortune conspired to endow him with freedom, he still remained a Negro, and as a Negro, according to the prevailing belief, he carried all of the imputation of the slave inside him. In fact, the Negro was considered a slave by nature, and he could not escape his natural shortcomings even if he managed to evade their legal consequences. Freedom was made difficult of achievement and considered undesirable both for the Negro and for

the white man's community in which the Negro resided. The distinction had been drawn in absolute terms, not merely between the slave and the free man, but between the Negro and the white man.

Our Southern slave-holding community by law and custom proceeded to endow the distinction with a high ethical bias. It seemed to the South that the best of all societies had now been achieved, and by divine prescription was to remain unchanged forever. The abolition of slavery in the U. S. was cataclysmic and violent just because slavery seemed eternal and faultless, just because the gap between the Negro and the white man had been made so impassable and so absolute that it could not be bridged by any natural adaptation. It is, therefore, not entirely an accident that the abolition of slavery in the U. S. was achieved only by civil war, and followed by the almost equally painful period of reconstruction.

The Civil War gave the Negro legal equality with his former masters, but it could not and did not give him either the experience in the exercise of freedom or the moral status in the sight of his fellow white citizens to make the freedom of the Negro an acceptable and workable relationship for them. The endowing of the Negro with a legal equality left a moral vacuum that remained to be filled in. In Latin America the Negro achieved complete legal equality slowly, through manumission, over centuries, and after

he had acquired a moral personality. In the U. S. he was given his freedom suddenly, and before the white community credited him with moral status.

Herein lies the great contrast between the outcome of the two slave systems. The last 80 years in the U. S. may be characterized as a period within which the Negro has been struggling for moral status in the sight of the white community. It has been a painful and, for the Negro, often a disillusioning effort. But it cannot be denied that progress has been made, and the moral position of the Negro within the American community is today much better than it was in 1863, the day after the Emancipation.

One must always remember that the Negro started after the Civil War with nothing at all; he had neither education, property, position, nor the psychological readiness for achievement and personal growth. To have gone as far and to have accomplished as much in 80 years as he has is a very great accomplishment indeed. To have done it against the prejudice, denial, and opposition with which his path has been strewn bespeaks both spiritual resilience and purposefulness. The record in the face of the same kind of handicaps has probably never been equaled before.

It is true, however, that the achievement is also evidence that American belief in the right of all men to equal opportunity is not mere lip service. At least the American environment since the Civil War has provided a

permissive setting, so that some of the least privileged, as the Negro has been, could prove their worth and find access to the best that the culture has had to offer. But the test of acceptance lies in a somewhat different direction. The issue is subtle and hard to state. It is not enough to say, as we often do, that there are so many Negro doctors, lawyers, politicians, businessmen, and scholars. It is a requisite that there should not be Negro doctors, Negro lawyers, or Negro scholars; their professional standing must overshadow their racial origin. It is only when we

can say he is a great actor, scholar, lawyer, or citizen that the step has been taken which endows the Negro with the moral worth as a man which obliterates the invidious distinction and sweeps away the condescending fawning of the better-than-thou attitude. When the time does come that a Negro judge on the bench is a judge and not a Negro judge, when a Negro scholar is a scholar and not a Negro scholar, then the process of identification will be on its way to fulfillment, and the gap between legal equality and moral acceptance will be obliterated.



Fair Losers

BEFORE the discovery of America there was a town on the site of Queretaro, Mexico, founded by the Otomie Indians. Its name was Taxco, which seems to mean "a place where ball games are played." The Aztecs conquered the town, and at the arrival of the Spaniards it was one of the outposts of Montezuma's empire.

The Spaniards came to Taxco ten years after they had taken Tenochtitlan (Mexico City). Accompanied by impressive numbers of Indian allies, they advanced on the town and sent ahead peace emissaries to the Otomie chief. Realizing that they could do little with bows and arrows against the metal armor of the whites, the local leaders proposed a hand-to-hand struggle without weapons, a wrestling and boxing match on a gigantic scale. The Spaniards accepted, and a contest ensued from dawn to sundown of July 25, 1531. The Spaniards won. Like good sports, all the natives acknowledged the sovereignty of King Charles V, and, though probably quite overcome with fatigue, danced the whole night in honor of the new ruler.

Manuel Hidalgo in the *Precious Blood Messenger* (April '47).



Nativity of St. John

Summer Christmas

By FREDERIC SAINTONGE, S.J.

Translated and adapted
from a book*

IN THE Middle Ages the feast of St. John the Baptist made the people think of Christmas. Since the birth of St. John announces that of Christ, the feast of St. John the Baptist became known as Summer Christmas, and like Christmas was preceded by a vigil and celebrated with an octave. And just as Christmas was prepared for by Advent, so the solemnity of June 24 was introduced by a period of penance, long or short according to different regions. In some dioceses it lasted several days, and the vigil was a fast day.

Prepared for carefully, the feast was observed in cathedrals, monasteries and simple parish churches with all the pomp of a great solemnity. At the Battle of Fontenoy in 841 the armies stopped fighting from the eve of the feast until the day after it.

Summer Christmas, like Christmas, carried with it the privilege of three Masses. The custom, at first confined to the Church at Rome, was soon introduced in Italy, France and Germany. The first Mass was celebrated in the dark of night to honor his title of Precursor; the second, after midnight, to render homage to the Baptist; the third, at dawn, to venerate his holiness as a prophet and martyr.

The people seized eagerly upon an occasion of reliving, in midsummer, the joys of Christmas eve, the more eagerly because of the example of their rulers, who made it a duty to assist at the Office before the dawn of St. John's day. At Christmas the cold weather confined most private devotion to the home; the beauty of the nights around St. John's day took it out-of-doors. The great joy of June 24 was symbolized each year by the bonfires which from earliest times celebrated the pagan feasts of the summer solstice, but which were now Christianized. Burning of woodpiles is a natural symbol of joy, and the birth of St. John deserved to be celebrated with a fire replacing the old superstitions. The fires which formerly celebrated the feast of light blazed in honor of the witness of the Light.

The ceremonies differed according to locality. Sometimes an ecclesiastical dignitary held the firebrand, sometimes a high-ranking layman. Nearly everywhere a priest approached the braziers to say a prayer: "Bless, O Lord, this fire which we joyfully light for the birth of St. John the Baptist."

The combustibles were many: here they piled up bundles of straw around a dry pine tree; there they burned a

*Temoin de la Lumière. 1946. Les Editions Lumen, 494 Ouest, Rue Lagacbetière, Montreal, 1, P. Q., Canada.

pile of animal bones bound together with grapevines; elsewhere fireworks pierced the sky with a fairy light. The use of other old pagan emblems survived, such as fiery wheels and flaming crowns, but they had lost their old significance.

Certain more or less superstitious practices gradually became mixed with the devotion. In Brittany, babies were cradled in the ashes to obtain for them strength in later years; old men and women warmed themselves in the flames to cure their ills; some gathered firebrands to protect stables and sheepfolds against the evil spirit. The villagers and their shadows danced around the crackling fires. Sometimes there were abuses in the merrymaking; the dances lasted all night, accompanied with drinking and superstitious rites. Finally the bishops intervened, to prevent the people from putting blind faith in the burning heaps, and to forbid unseemly dances.

All the same, the prophecy of the

angel to John the Baptist's father, "many will rejoice at his birth," was fulfilled. The joys of the liturgy overflowed the churches; the fires evoked universal joy.

"Hardly had the last rays of daylight faded away," writes Dôm Guéranger, "than shoots of flame leaped up all over the world, lighting up suddenly all the villages and hamlets." Kings themselves partook of the universal joy, and showed that joy to the people. Louis XIV in 1648 started the fire in the *Place de Grève*, the public square in Paris, as his predecessors had done.

As they still do in many parts of Catholic Brittany, the clergy, invited to bless the piles of wood, themselves touched the first torch to them; while the crowd, carrying lighted torches, spread out around the ripening harvest fields, or followed the twisting streams to the ocean shore with a thousand joyous shouts, to which the fires in the neighboring islands replied.

Flights of Fancy

Gothic cathedral: a prayerful up-rush of stone.—*Life*.

Fog pressed against the windows like an excluded ghost.—*E. M. Forster*.

Communist: one who sneezes every time Stalin takes snuff.—*America*.

The whisper of nurses' starched skirts in the corridor.—*Mary B. Adams*.

The flock of ducklings made a shifting golden carpet in the sun.—*P. M. Rupert*.

Science deciphers God's handwriting.—*John A. O'Brien*.

Mountains where trees had scarcely thought about summer.—*Philip Wylie*.

Heads bent into reverent question marks before the mystery of the Eucharist.—*Palma Trentacoste*.

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

SERVANTS OF GOD

By WILHELM SCHAMONI

Condensed chapter of a book*

THE individual Christian is quite at liberty to venerate as saints those Christians of whose holiness he is convinced. On the other hand, the Church permits official veneration, that is veneration in public worship, only after ecclesiastical inquiry. Such an inquiry had its origin in early Christian times in the cases of martyrs.

The names of martyrs recognized by a bishop or synod were read at divine worship, and their names written on little tablets, the so-called diptychs, with the names of other well-known martyrs. This practice is reflected today in the canon of the Roman Mass. The reports on the death of martyrs were circulated and frequently read aloud at public worship. By this means their cult was widely spread.

Martyrologies grew through the compilation of local lists. The oldest of those coming down to us is the *Martyrologium Syriacum*, which was compiled shortly before 400 A.D. By use of this eastern register and of other sources, the *Martyrologium Hieronymianum* was assembled in upper Italy in the middle of the 5th century, as the largest compilation of the early Christian Church. It contained names of the saints, their feast days, informa-

tion about their deaths and burial places, and notes on the exhumation of their bones or other details.

After the time of the martyrs, the Church hesitated about officially venerating nonmartyrs as saints. But the reverence inspired by St. Anthony and other great exemplars of monastic life in the East, and by St. Martin of Tours and others in the West, led to public devotion. Soon it became a general conviction that there were two kinds of martyrs. The word *confessor*, which originally in Latin had meant the same as the Greek *martyr*, later was used to designate those who before a court or under torture had acknowledged Christ but were not put to death. Still later it became the honorary title of all nonmartyrs whose holiness the Church wished to recognize.

The solemn award of open veneration gave the confessor, virgin or widow an honor customarily accorded only to acknowledged martyrs, namely, the offering of Mass over his grave. The bones of the holy man were first exhumed and reinterred under an altar. He was thereafter regarded as a saint.

Our present canonization differs essentially from this ancient ceremony. Now, when concepts have become

*The Face of the Saints. 1947. Pantheon Books, Inc., 41 Washington Square, New York City. 279 pp. \$4.50.

sharply delimited through long development, a servant of God who through such a procedure is given the honors of the altar, is no longer called saint (*sanctus*) but blessed (*beatus*). He is also called Blessed rather than Saint if his veneration is permitted in only one diocese, province or Order. A saint is offered to the veneration of the entire Church.

If a local veneration was taken over by the whole Church including Rome the general recognition was the equivalent of present-day formal canonization by the pope. Up to the end of the first 1,000 years of Christian history, the apostolic see actually gave its assent to the general veneration of saints only tacitly, not expressly nor formally. In no document of that time does a pope as supreme teacher of the whole Church prescribe the veneration of a saint. In 993, for the first time in history, Pope John XV undertook what can technically be called a canonization. The bull of canonization announced by solemn, juridical decree the decision that "the Bishop Ulric of Augsburg is a saint."

Although the bishops, until 1200, claimed and exercised the right to permit public veneration of a servant of God, they now turned more and more frequently to the Apostolic See to obtain canonization. Alexander III declared that the Apostolic See reserved to itself for the future the right to permit the veneration of a servant of God to an individual diocese. But since this promulgation did not unmistakably

express a prohibition, bishops continued, in individual instances, to authorize public veneration.

This state of affairs was clarified by a breve of Urban VIII, in 1634, entitled *Caelestis Hierusalem*, decreeing that everything pertaining to the veneration of a servant of God from then on would be entirely the prerogative of the Apostolic See. This breve remained effective until the publication of the *Codex Juris Canonici* (Pentecost, 1918) which codified this law.

The breve of Urban VIII declared that all those who up to that time enjoyed public ecclesiastical veneration might still be publicly venerated. But for the future the pope ruled: no one may be declared blessed or a saint unless an actual process of beatification or canonization has been instituted and carried to a successful conclusion.

There is a precise differentiation between blessed and saint, between beatification and canonization. Beatification has only a preliminary character; it gives sanction for public veneration limited according to locality and scope. In a canonization the Holy Father as the supreme teacher of Christendom gives his final, universally binding and universally valid judgment, "This blessed one is a saint; I count him in the number of the saints, and he has a claim on veneration throughout the entire Church." Before this solemn pronouncement is achieved, not only years but decades may pass. The procedure that leads to it is the most careful, the most circumstan-

tial, and the most thorough to be found in the world. Humanly speaking, a false judgment is practically impossible, in view of the scope of the investigations and the extreme severity of the standards of test.

The process of beatification is undertaken only after the Congregation of Rites has established the fact that the servant of God was of heroic stature in virtue and that God at his intercession wrought miracles. If, after beatification, two further miracles can be proved, or three in the case that the servant of God has legitimately enjoyed public veneration from immemorial times, canonization follows.

The establishing of proof that a servant of God was of heroic virtue is the most difficult part of the procedure. It is relatively simple in the case of martyrs. Here it is necessary to prove only that the martyr, without having provoked the martyrdom, has, owing to his persecutor's hatred of Catholic belief or Christian virtue, suffered death undefeated and patiently, and that he endured to the end. Proof of martyrdom also makes it easier to obtain permission of the pope to dispense with the prescribed number of miracles. For example, Pius XI canonized Thomas More and John Fisher in spite of the fact that there had been no miracles after their beatification.

In the case of nonmartyrs proof of an heroic quality of virtue is usually the snag. A virtue is not heroic if only isolated acts attain a level of heroism.

The candidate must always have done the right thing without hesitation, graciously and with joy, even under the greatest inward and outward difficulties. Proof for every single virtue must be brought specifically and irrefutably.

Herein lie the great difficulties. If it is found in the instance of any single virtue that the truly ideal height was not maintained, the process is irrevocably closed. If the proof is lacking as to a case of a single virtue, owing to lack of witnesses and documents, the procedure is stopped. It may be reopened when proofs become available, sometimes centuries later. For example, only through the opening of the English archives, which contained records of persecutions of Catholics in England, did it become possible to carry through the process for many martyrs and confessors.

Every effort is made to enable the five or more judges appointed by the pope for each individual process to arrive indisputably at truth. The two "advocates of the faith" are like the state's attorneys in a criminal trial. They can call in outside witnesses and can obligate in conscience any person from whom they could possibly obtain adverse details, to appear and give evidence.

If the Holy Father confirms the degree of heroic virtue or the fact of martyrdom, a decretal is issued to that effect. From that day the servant of God enjoys the title of "venerable servant of God." Public veneration, how-

ever, is still not accorded. To be sure, the Church is now certain that God is a special friend of the venerable. But it allows the veneration of him only when God shows through miracles He performs at the intercession of the person invoked that He feels Himself honored by the confidence offered His servant. Dr. Alexis Carrell, a non-Catholic, who, as a specialist (he received the Nobel prize in 1931 for cancer research) frequently took part in the testing of cases under consideration at Lourdes, declares, "Never shall I forget the shattering experience when I saw a huge cancerous growth on the hand of a workman shrink into a tiny scar. Understand it I cannot, but I cannot doubt what I have seen with my own eyes." The Church likewise takes the attitude that it cannot explain the miracle but sees in it when it follows upon the invocation of a servant of God, a sign by which God approves the public veneration.

In the beatification and canonization processes, only those miracles are taken into consideration which have occurred after the death of the candidate. Miracles of healing must be cures of organic conditions. Diseases of the nervous system are not recognized. Healing must be instantaneous and permanent. If competent science declares that it is impossible to explain instantaneous healing on the basis of natural causes, then the tribunal inquires into whether it must be explained on the basis of the immediate operation of the First Cause, that is, through the action of God Himself, who reg-

ularly acts through secondary causes, i.e., natural causes, but who can also effect direct realization of His will.

For beatification, two miracles suffice, if eyewitnesses have brought proof of heroic virtues. Four miracles are required if the virtues can be proved only through document and oral tradition. In the investigation of miracles, official experts must be called in. When it is a question of examining into miraculous healings, the ecclesiastical code requires expressly that these be experts who enjoy outstanding reputations in the medical field. They are required to record written deposition of the grounds for their judgment. Two specific questions are to be answered: 1. whether the person who has allegedly been cured must be considered to be actually cured; 2. whether the fact that is alleged to be a miracle can be explained on the basis of natural laws.

The Church sees in miracles an external but unqualifiedly certain proof of holiness. "God works miracles," says St. Thomas Aquinas, "in order to demonstrate the holiness of those whom he wishes to set up as models for the emulation of their virtues." Why he singles out just these and not, as may be, some others whose holiness may have been even greater, the Church does not presume to ask.

If, after beatification, new miracles take place, solemn canonization is in order. Investigation of the miracles again proceeds in three stages. If thereupon the pope confirms the miracles,

there follows a general assembly of the Congregation of Rites at which he personally presides, in which it is decided that steps may now be taken toward the solemn canonization of the blessed. Then there is held a triple consistory. The first convocation is secret; only cardinals take part. The second is open; the public is admitted. The third is semi-public; in this all cardinals, patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops resident in Rome, as well as all bishops whose seats are within a circle of 100 miles from Rome, submit their opinions in writing. Thereupon the canonization is held with the greatest solemnities in the basilica of St. Peter on the day specified by the pope. In the instance of a few blessed souls, who had been venerated for many centuries in single dioceses or Orders, and who enjoyed a special repute of sanctity, the popes have dispensed with the strict judicial inquiry and the veneration has been extended by a separate decree to the whole Church without the solemn canonization in St. Peter's.

Up to now about 230 saints have been solemnly canonized. Among them are the groups comprising the seven founders of the Servite Order, the 19 martyrs of Gordkum, the 26 Japanese, and eight Canadian martyrs. According to the Roman missal, memorial celebration is given to the names of about 250 saints, mostly martyrs of the first millennium, with the addition of a few groups of martyrs, the Holy Innocents, the Seven Brothers, the 40 martyrs of Sebaste. In the

case of a few martyrs their companions also are named. On the other hand, the Roman martyrology lists, for the most part by name, about 14,000 Roman martyrs.

Twenty-three canonizations, the largest number decreed by any pope, were pronounced by Pius XI. According to the official catalogue of the Congregation of Rites of 1931, whose figures reflect pending processes also, 551 processes were under deliberation, of which 57 were claims for canonization, 494 for beatification. Of these, 482 processes concerned European candidates and 69, candidates from non-European countries. Forty-nine processes are being conducted for servants of God who died in the 20th century and 247 for those who died in the 19th century. A few processes for children are also included.

Effects of canonization are as follows. The saint is to be recognized as a saint (*sanctus*) throughout the whole Church. Saints may be named and invoked in the public prayers of the Church, in the Mass, in the breviary prayers of priests, and in processions. Altars, churches and chapels may be dedicated to their names. Masses and hours may be celebrated in their honor. In the case of some canonizations the liturgical celebration of the feast of the saint is prescribed for only a part of the Church. The saint's feast is incorporated into the liturgical year; the celebration is generally prescribed upon the day of death, the birthday into heaven. The images of saints may

bear the halo of sainthood. Their relics may be exposed for public veneration and carried publicly in processions.

The only teaching of the Church regarding the veneration of the saints is that "it is good and profitable to invoke the saints who reign with Christ and who offer to God their prayers for mankind, and to have recourse to their prayers, their power, and their aid, in order to obtain benefits from God through His Son Jesus

Christ our Lord, who is our sole Saviour and Redeemer." The Church does not teach that saints must be invoked, only that it is good and profitable to invoke them. "We honor the servants," said Pope John XV, "in order that the honor may revert to the Master." It is that the Master may be honored in very truth that the Church tests and investigates so carefully which of God's servants are in outstanding fashion His friends.



Foul Balls at the Vatican

Ducky Wucky Medwick, renowned St. Louis National league outfielder and hitter, was a member of a troupe touring the European battle fronts for the USO. Besides two baseball teams, there were all sorts of other entertainers.

When the troupe reached Rome, some of its members were granted an audience with Pope Pius XII.

His Holiness graciously put the visitors at ease by asking each in turn what his specialty was. "I am a comedian," said one man. "I am what we call in America a blues singer," said a young girl, and in response to a courteous question she did her best to explain what that was.

Then came Ducky Wucky's turn. With simple dignity he stated, "Your Holiness, I used to be a Cardinal."

Jack Goodman and Fred Schweb, Jr., in *Cosmopolitan* (Feb. '47).



While abroad in 1944, Larry MacPhail, then president of the Brooklyn ball club, was granted an audience by Pope Pius. His Holiness smiled and said to him, in his gentle voice, "I suppose you want me to bless the Dodgers for you."

Startled, MacPhail said, "Your Holiness, I am afraid it's a little too late. They're in last place."

Murray Robinson in *Sportfolio* (May '47).

Three years make an expert traitor

How U. S. Communists Are Trained

By JUNIUS B. WOOD

Condensed from *Nation's Business**

Mr. Wood has been in newspaper work for 48 years, 41 of them as a foreign correspondent. He served as expert consultant to the U. S. Secretary of War, 1941-43. His sources for this article include the U. S. State Department, the FBI, and former communists, one of them a former student in the school he writes about. He cannot give the names of the latter informants because of their fear of communist retaliation even within the borders of the U. S.

A WELL-ESTABLISHED, liberally endowed university is now offering free courses in factory sabotage, in bomb making, kidnapping, train wrecking, bank robbery, fomenting armed mutiny, and other techniques of violence and treason. Scholarships cover all expenses, including recreation and annual vacations.

This university is the West Point of world revolution. That it is sanctioned and supported, according to its graduates, by a recognized government, is more amazing.

Other state-supported schools educate their youth to become better citizens. This university teaches youth of other lands. Over the years it has trained and returned to the U. S. 800 disloyal Americans, a leaven of some 50,000 communists and 100,000 pinkos, the high officers of a secret army

drilling to overthrow our government and social order.

The university is the International Lenin school in Moscow. Secrecy is an essential of all it teaches. Outside of top levels in the party and the government, few in Moscow know of its existence. It is behind a stucco-covered brick wall, high enough to baffle prying eyes, on the left side of Vorovskaya Ulitza (street), a few blocks beyond Arbat Ploschad. Old-timers, before adopting names of communist heroes became the vogue, knew it as Povarskaya Ulitza (Cook Street).

The present site of higher education in bank robbery, rechristened "revolutionary self-help," was once the hideout of a Russian prince. His paramour's small palace in the spacious grounds, now remodeled into students' auditorium, classrooms, and dormitories, faces a plain, unnumbered gate in the wall, guarded every hour by a Red sentry. None may enter without a communist identification card.

Overlooking the wall is a newer structure in modern Soviet architecture with classrooms on the lower floors and sleeping quarters on the others. Back of the modest palace is a building for political police and secret paraphernalia, which even students cannot enter. In the rear is a large building with

*U. S. Chamber Bldg., Washington, 6, D. C. April, 1947.

halls for demonstrations in street fighting and other activities. A smaller administration building is near the center of the campus, still leaving ample space for outdoor exercises away from inquisitive eyes.

Native Russians have learned that curiosity may lead to Siberia or an appearance before a firing squad, though the Japanese did photograph the establishment from within the compound. This was considered an act of treachery (the two countries then being friends) which was not discovered until a Soviet spy fraternally stole a copy from Japan's secret files.

When a stranger asks any Muscovite in the know about the Lenin school, the prearranged reply is, "It's up Tverskaya Ulitsa, off the square with the Moscow Soviet building," meaning the city hall. But that is the Lenin institute, which is compiling biographies of Marx and Lenin.

The International Lenin school started with Nikolai Bucharin, party doctrinarian, as its first director. Lenin passed into posthumous fame, and Bucharin did not survive Stalin purges, but the school grew. War temporarily interrupted expansion as well as the flow of students from other countries.

The school has a permanent faculty, mostly from the Academy of Red Professors, and a director, at one time a woman. Highlights of the Soviet hierarchy, past and present, Stalin, Trotsky, Kuusinen, Molotov, Manuilsky, Yaroslavsky, Lazovsky, Budenny and others, serve as subject matter. Students are inducted into the air of con-

spiracy in which such veterans have lived. With matriculation, each student takes a revolutionary or party name by which he will be known in communist circles and outside activities. Mark Aldanov tells, in *The Fifth Seal*, of a party worker with so many aliases he forgot his baptismal name.

Even party workers not in the top Holy of Holies speculate over identity of Josef Broz Tito of Yugoslavia. They explain that "Tito" is a party label concocted from the initials of "Third International Terrorist Organization," which are the same in Slavic and English. They surmise from photographs that Tito may be Rudolph Baker, a promising American student of Slav ancestry who was detailed to district organizing after his return to the U. S., and then mysteriously disappeared.

Dual names as party labels are not limited to students. Old-timers needed them as revolutionists, and aliases are stylish. Among emissaries sent by Moscow to run party affairs in the U. S., the Hungarian Pogany was "John Pepper" and "Schwartz"; the late Gussev was "P. Green"; Alphi was "Fred Brown," and the Finn, Sirola, was plain "Miller."

With rebirth under a new name, the student gets more instructions in life behavior. He must blindly obey. Should he associate outside with the unfaithful he must not disclose that he is a communist, must not dress nor act conspicuously, be photographed, answer questions or become talkative from drinking. If positively identified as a communist, he shall frankly admit

it, but never, even when it means imprisonment or death, disclose anything about the party.

The first business of any meeting, even casually on the street, is to agree on a fictitious story of what is being discussed to avoid disclosing the truth if interrupted. Students should not recognize each other off the campus nor cultivate fellow countrymen. Americans are warned particularly against American engineers, newspapermen, tourists, and government employees in Moscow.

The freshman student is already familiar with some tricks of deception. In the U. S., he got a passport on the pretext of sight-seeing in Europe. If he used a false name, the American party, which paid his expenses, corroborated his "legend," or fake biography. In the school, the political police can supply forged identifications for any country.

Unless unusually naïve, the student senses that permission to be off the campus until 11 P.M. is to enable police to check on his actions and acquaintances. He learns that they watch his political "progress" or "deterioration" and control him as they do every Russian. He is now dependent on the Russian party and Soviet government for existence.

He is instructed to be peaceful and disingenuous with authorities, pending the day of revolution. Instead of avoiding military, police or other law-enforcement service in his own country, the graduate must welcome it. Such are not only choice fields for com-

munist doctrine but the military will supplement the school's instruction in tactics and weapons. A surprising story is told of the recent war.

"Today I'll start your lessons on dismantling and assembling a machine gun," an American captain told a likely appearing enlisted man. The officer started to take the gun apart.

"Let me try," the soldier suggested. In a few minutes, he had the gun apart and before long back in place and working.

"Where did you learn that?" the captain asked, amazed at such dexterity.

"In the Lenin school in Moscow," the man explained. Instruction in weapons of other countries is one of its courses.

This man had belatedly realized that his loyalty was to his own country and not to Moscow. Nurserymen figure that 20% of seeds will not germinate and the Lenin school figures the same percentage down, the first studies in the three-year course are intensive indoctrination in theories of Marx, Engels, and Lenin. Once well grounded in party ideology, a member will realize that disrupting his own country's economy for the benefit of the Soviet Union is only a step toward the final goal.

The Lenin-school student who survives Vol. I of Marx's involved and obtuse *Capitalism*, can go on to Vols. II and III, to the clearer philosophy of Lenin, the mistakes of Malthus, Ricardo Smith, and other bourgeois

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economists, and to increasing instruction in practical communism. As Vols. II and III were written by Engels from notes left by Marx, faculty members doubt whether Marx himself would understand them.

In addition to its three-year course, the school has short courses in labor activities, in party organization, and propaganda, which trace the labor movement from ancient times to the Revolution in 1917. In Marxist dogma, the struggle between employers and workers is irreconcilable. Christianity, according to Marx, came from a slave rebellion. In modern society, the struggle is between capital and labor, farmers and distributors. It will be solved only when civilization returns to the collectivism of tribal days and the masses take over the factories and farms. This is the version to be expounded, but it is made clear to students that actually a government, as in the Soviet Union, will take over with the party in control and today's students as the rulers.

"Saying there can be unity of interests between employers and employees is treason to the working class," says a textbook by Olgin, followed by instruction that a collective agreement should be broken at the first opportunity.

Stalin, always direct, clarifies this with, "The mightiest ally of Russia is strife, conflicts and wars in every capitalist nation."

Comrades who recant communism are to be ostracized, slandered, and accused of stealing and swindling, ac-

cording to the school's instructions. The easiest way to answer charges by outsiders is to denounce them long and loudly as lies until they are doubted.

When the student reaches the courses on communist party organization, the haze of theory clears and action starts. He is taught what methods to use, based on party structure and ideology, in any foreseeable circumstance. In a country where the party is outlawed, it must work entirely underground. In the U. S., where it is legal but suspect, it should work under cover of other organizations, but the strategy of conspiracy to create internal disorder and undermine the government is the same.

The Lenin-school student must join trade unions or liberal societies when he returns to his country: attend all meetings, pay dues promptly, be eager for work, unite others by party discipline until the organization is blindly following the party line in which he is so well grounded.

"Never in our wildest dreams did we imagine a government would permit trade-union strikes by its employees," a professor in the school commented on the U.S. "We have unions but here all workers are government employees and a strike is the same as mutiny in the armed forces, punishable by death. Nor did we foresee that a government would facilitate communist infiltration into independent unions."

Students who can stand it, get the heavy dose from A to Z. Z is insur-

rection or revolution, how to put propaganda and organization among the masses to a practical test. Red Army officers and its technicians, shadowy shapes from the MVD (Ministry of Political Police), and veterans in revolution take over. The course is based on actual experiences, a few successful and many bitter, each teaching something. When the time comes to apply the lessons there will be no turning back, and the penalties for failure are death.

Though Moscow does not consider revolution imminent in the U. S., Americans get the course so that they will be ready if it comes. Russia is the shining example of a small, well-organized group taking over a country, and the lessons have succeeded in China and the Balkans.

Four "conceptions," using the school's phraseology, for an insurrection are: preparation, timing, knowledge of tactics, and complete surprise. Though loyal to the communist world capital and well instructed, local leaders still will be amateurs; and Moscow prefers to send experienced revolutionaries to take charge, to avoid disastrous bungling and overleniency.

Like party policies and the life of a party member, nothing is left to chance or personal vagaries. High points of the plan for the capture of Chicago—when the time comes—sound like an army operation, with everything provided for from psychological warfare to dropping paratroopers.

The peaceful preparations are to go

on for years through capable party members burrowed into trade unions, public offices, the police, liberal clubs, and other sources of information. Vital spots such as power plants, radio stations, and airports must be mapped. All the working masses and unorganized proletariat need not be aroused, but the knowledge of where to attack to paralyze the city will be available. Even recording such a small detail as whether a watchman has a dog is called for.

A headquarters, known only to a selected few, will be set up, a courier system organized, telephone talks will be in code, party papers or names memorized and destroyed. Until the zero hour, nonparty friends should be used as blinds and communications written on borrowed typewriters.

Police forces are notoriously unreliable for insurrections. Consequently, the city's riot squad, sure to put up a fight, is studied. If it is on three shifts, the weakest one is to be picked for attack. Once it is subdued, other police can be mopped up. If there is a suspicion that police officers are alert to what is brewing, the advice is to telephone them on a phony pretext to learn whether they are home or on duty.

The habits and daily routine of the chief of police, also of the mayor and leading citizens, must be learned. A blacklist is to be prepared of politically undesirable citizens for summary liquidation or temporary use while their families are held as hostages.

Squads are to be assigned to capture

each objective. Getting arms for them is easy in the U. S. The hour and minute for the groups to strike simultaneously will be in the final instructions.

To prevent calls for outside help, communications must be interrupted immediately. The railroads are to be wrecked several miles outside the city, either by sending out maverick locomotives or by blowing up incoming trains. Armed men are to hold the airports.

Captured radio stations are to order a general strike, which will be easy if the power plants are seized. The mayor, chief of police, and other officers and leaders are to be captured early. If the mayor refuses to read the proclamation prepared for him, he can be disposed of on the spot and somebody with a similar voice, already selected, can read it.

According to the time schedule, a city like Chicago should be captured in fewer than 48 hours. By that time the insurrectionists will have all the weapons and can arm more supporters. They are to proceed to setting up the government from officials picked in advance.

After completing this practical phase of studies, the graduate of the Lenin school leaves Moscow to begin his career. He may be sent to a colony for a year or more of postgraduate training or to his own country, where communism may be outlawed. He has mastered the technique of working under cover. Even in the U. S. and other countries where the party is permitted, it is actually two parties, one in the

open, the other deep in the shadows.

A party worker or returned student is ostensibly assigned to duty by the proclaimed head of the Communist Party of the U. S. Actually, his job is picked by the party's American politburo, which acts under Moscow's direction. He may be detailed as a state secretary or to other organizational work, for propaganda or writing articles, for special work among Negroes or foreign-language groups, or to get a job and build up party influence in a particular union.

The International Lenin school, of special interest because of American students, is only one of several which the Soviet Union operates. The Eastern university, formerly the Sun Yat-sen institute, which Chiang Kai-shek's son attended, has graduated nearly 10,000. Its efficient work shows in China and Korea, making trouble for young Chiang's father and for us.

Graduates of Western university are active in Balkan and Baltic countries and scattered foreign-language groups in the U. S. Tiflis, scene of Stalin's youthful exploits, has a school for communists from the Near East. Another in Vladivostok is chiefly for Koreans.

The Academy of Red Professors, with its seven-year course, is scholarly and philosophical. It is for heavy thinkers, and holds little appeal for less sedentary Americans.

Also superior to other schools for world revolution is the supersecret Kirov academy in Leningrad, under the MVD. Only candidates who have proved do-or-die stamina enter. It

teaches them higher-level underground work and how to organize a police force which can control a nation, even its army, and keep the communist party in power. Its alumni are active in both Hungary and Greece.

By fostering so-called liberal schools in American cities, selected students are instructed in revolutionary tactics. Summer camps with intensive courses are even safer from intruders. A goodly portion of some 20,000 graduates of such schools become converts to communism or sympathizers.

With the American schools, the International Lenin school in Moscow has become less essential for the program in the U.S. It does, however, continue as a goal or finishing school for the hopeful young party member or graduate of the American classes.

The Soviet schools for foreigners are not too alarming when they are stripped of mystery. It would be well to know their 800-odd American alumni and their instructors, an interesting long-range job for our State Department and FBI.



The Rose of Tralee

Sir Harry Musgrave, a landlord in County Kerry, had only one son when his wife died. When the boy went to school he met Mary O'Carroll, and they became very attached to each other. Later, the friendship ripened into love.

Meanwhile, Sir Harry married a very aristocratic lady in London, and invited his son to live with him. The drawing rooms of the great, however, had no charms for him, and he returned to Ireland. Lady Musgrave remarked that it would be a calamity if the boy should fall in love with an Irish peasant girl.

The father crossed over to Ireland, discovered his son walking in the garden with Mary, and, infuriated, bought him a commission in the army. The young man joined his regiment in India, where a gun explosion blinded him. When the news reached Ireland, poor Mary's health was shattered.

Her sweetheart returned home to find that Mary had died a week before. The blind, despairing young man became a raving lunatic and was sent to an asylum. His father and stepmother went to see him, but he could not be approached. Some weeks later, they came again, and found him calm. When they entered he was at the piano, singing, and setting an air to the lovely song:

*The pale moon was shining above the green mountain,
The sun was declining beneath the blue sea,
When I strayed with my love to the pure crystal fountain,
That flows through the lovely, sweet vale of Tralee.*

Young Musgrave died a few months afterwards, and was buried beside Mary O'Carroll, but his love song will never die.

The Lamp (Nov. '45).



Shock troops

The Jesuits

By H. B. FURAY, S.J.

IN A sense, the Society of Jesus was shot out of a cannon. For up until 1521, when a cannon ball shattered his leg during the defence of Navarre against the French, Ignatius Loyola was simply one more Basque nobleman-soldier, intense, but practical, steadfast, uneffusive, self-forgetful (as are so many of his race), but with no personal horizons to life beyond the hope of high rank at court or in the army.

The cannon ball put him to bed and kept him there for pain-filled weeks. He read, reluctantly and because nothing else was at hand, a life of Christ and some lives of the saints.

There was here a bizarre concurrence; a mind steeped in the ideals, dreams and traditions of chivalry turned, of necessity, to the field of religious aspiration and achievement. Into Ignatius was seared the deep realization that this service in the conquest for God of His rightful kingdom (the hearts of all men, in all the world, in every age), this disdained service of the saints, was in reality the one, the only chivalry. And a vision of life struck into Ignatius, in a true sense, by a cannon ball was on its way to becoming the stamp of men by the score whom, over the years, he was to find and form into a company, the Company of Jesus.



A good soldier, Ignatius conquered first the closest part of the kingdom, himself. Then his ambitions for conquest reached out. The Holy Land, where he early desired to labor, was closed to him. Visioning more clearly, he saw the need for education and companions if his plans for God's glory were to fructify; and, at the age of 30, he went back to school. Eleven years later he had achieved his Master's degree at the University of Paris. Moreover, he now had six companions, all university men: a Basque, a Savoyard, three Spaniards, and a Portuguese.

Ignatius and his six bound themselves in 1534 by vow to poverty, chastity, and a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Wars with the Turk cancelled the possibility of the pilgrimage. The companions placed themselves at the disposal of the Pope, were ordained priests and, after much consultation, formulated a way of life together under the regular Religious vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. It was a spirit and a strategy which they drew up, rather than a detailed blueprint. It was approved by Pope Paul III on Sept. 27, 1540. Ignatius was, in 1541, elected General of the new Order.

The spirit of the new Society is con-

tained in two documents composed by Ignatius: the *Spiritual Exercises* (a series of reflections, self-examinations and resolutions) and the *General Examen*. This spirit is no more than a rounding out of the original concept grasped by Ignatius on his sickbed in the Castle of Loyola years before: man's business is the service of God, who created him; this service consists in the salvation and perfection of himself, with the aid of divine grace, and likewise the salvation and perfection of others; this service is the service of a King, Jesus Christ our Lord, who is seeking the help of men in gaining full possession of His kingdom; in such a service there will be unflinching and bitter opposition from the camp of a very real enemy, Satan; in such a service the generous soldier, in the high tradition of chivalry, will do anything, make any sacrifice, out of personal love for his King, a King who is not driving but leading him on.

The emphasis of the new institute necessarily was to be on personal sanctification through the exterior and interior sacrifices required by the apostolate itself, where older Orders had placed more stress on liturgical and specifically ascetical practices as means to his same end. Effort toward personal sanctification amid all the distractions of a varied life could not fail, because the impelling motive was person-to-person following of Christ, personal love.

No particularly prescribed work would be the field of the new Order. Whatever was needed would be very

truly their preferred assignment; and to insure that the men selected for membership would be ready to play so exacting a role, an especially long and careful training period was designed. One uniform and distinctive religious garb, such as characterized many of the older Orders, was for various reasons set aside. Even in 1947 an English Jesuit and an American Jesuit dress differently, each following the more accepted clerical practice of his own country.

The renowned Jesuit obedience is not different from the obedience of every Religious Order. Only, according to the varied, almost universal demands of the apostolic life as envisioned in the Ignatian plan, Jesuit obedience must be especially prompt and willing in every circumstance. Where the members of some older Orders vowed stability, the Jesuit, one might say, was dedicated to mobility.

Early members of Ignatius' Company of Jesus (which was approved under the Latin title of *Societas Jesu*, the Society of Jesus) would have liked the spirit of the slogan claimed by American Seabees during the 2nd World War, "The difficult we do at once; the impossible takes a little longer." The Jesuits were not founded to stem the Protestant Revolt in Europe; but counteraction was the need of the times. The Jesuits were not founded to be formal educators, but competent education was an obvious bulwark against currently spreading heresy. The Jesuits had no exclusive commitment to foreign mission work, but they

arose in an age of colonization, when missionaries from every Order were very much in demand. So they became experts in combating, by word and work, the influence of the Reformers; they became the educators of half of Europe; they penetrated to every mission land.

Yet they had not pointed their organization toward these specific works; it was the works which had found them out. Different times, different environments, might (and would) dictate other labors. This is what made the Society's history a richly colorful one for more than 400 years.

The names tell the story. In the Society's first two centuries the world came to know of Bellarmine, the slight and affable Italian who became the greatest controversialist of his time; of Canisius, the Netherlander who was the second Apostle of Germany; of Suarez, the great Spanish theologian; of Francis Xavier and James Laynez, first companions of Ignatius who went widely divergent ways to fame: Xavier by a breath-taking evangelization of India, Japan and the East; Laynez by his distinguished discharge of the office of papal theologian at the Council of Trent.

Edmund Campion, brilliant Oxford humanist and orator, became a Jesuit priest, lived as a fugitive during two dangerous years in Elizabeth's England, riding the countryside from one secret meeting of Catholics to another, saying Mass by stealth, absolving, reconciling, enheartening — and was hanged, drawn and quartered on Dec.

1, 1581, one of many English Jesuits who had a like career with a like ending.

In Asia, following Xavier's spearhead thrust, Rudolph Acquaviva penetrated to the mysterious court of Akbar the Great to explain the doctrines of Christ. Robert de' Nobili became a Brahmin to win souls. Matteo Ricci's knowledge of mathematics and astronomy gained him the respect and attention of the emperor of China and the higher circles of Chinese society.

In Africa, Jesuits were in Ethiopia by the 17th century. In South America, the famous Jesuit missions of Paraguay reached over a territory today divided between Brazil, Bolivia, Argentina, Uruguay, and Paraguay, and organized 114,000 converted Indians into some 57 villages or reductions.

From Mexico, where the Society established a province in 1572, came men like Eusebio Kino, discoverer of California, missionary, rancher, geographer, and the most enduring horseman of our early West. Much in the same tradition was Peter DeSmet who, in the middle of the last century, was the most trusted and respected white man among the Indians of the Rockies and envoy of the U. S. government to the Indians on several occasions.

Marquette is remembered for his great explorations on the Mississippi river. He was a brother missionary to the French Jesuits, Jogues, Goupil and Lalande, who were savagely butchered by the Mohawk Indians near present-day Amsterdam, N. Y. Back in France, some 30 years later, another French-

man worked for the King another way. To Father Claude de la Colombière first, later to the entire Society, was entrusted furtherance of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, according to instructions given St. Margaret Mary in the revelations of 1675 and 1688.

In 1773 all this vast and varied activity of the Jesuits was stilled; and the names faded. The Society of Jesus was suppressed by papal brief. Whatever the contributing causes, the immediate fatal sword was the hostility of the Bourbon courts and of Portugal. But the Society never wholly died. Frederick II of Prussia and Catherine II of Russia refused to permit publication in their realms of the Brief of Suppression. At first in both kingdoms, later in Russia alone, a limited membership carried on the traditions and work of Ignatius' Company until in 1814, by papal Bull, the Society of Jesus was restored throughout the world.

Before the suppression, the Society had numbered about 23,000 members in 39 provinces. In 1946, after a gradual growth from the few hundred of 1814, the Society numbered 28,062 in 50 provinces.

Today the Society is known chiefly for its schools, writings, and missions. Of the schools, in the U. S. alone there are 25 colleges and universities, many more secondary schools. The writings (apart from outstanding individual efforts) are instanced by cooperative projects, such as the careful researches into lives of the saints by the Bollandists in Belgium; the numerous ventures, all over the world, into the field

of periodical publishing; one devotional magazine, amid many that pursue scholarly or social lines, is the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, which exists as more than 60 separate publications, under the same name, in 40 languages. In the world of the missions, over the earth, nearly 4,000 Jesuits are at work; and of this number nearly 700 are Americans.

The Society is governed today as in the beginning, by a general, elected for life. He is aided by a group of assistants, each representing a definite geographical section of the world. The assistancies are divided into territorial provinces, each presided over by a provincial, under whom each house or college is governed by a local superior.

The centralized organization is sometimes said to be an adaptation by Ignatius of the modern military structure, just emerging in his day, to the field of apostolic endeavor. The Jesuit, therefore, is a soldier under soldierly discipline.

Although it is true to some extent, this estimate slurs over several noteworthy points. If the Jesuits are soldiers, they are also praying soldiers—which alters materially the nature of their service and their spirit. Moreover, they are all volunteers. If Ignatius, the soldier, formed the Company and sat at its center during his lifetime, it was very precisely because he was literally the heart of the whole, which he could not have been, were he not himself a warmhearted man, not a martinet. And if the first six and later the 6,000 and the 16,000 were made a Company,

it is not to be conceived of as a company on the impersonal lines of today's battalion or army corps. Rather, the

Jesuits are a group bound by the tight ties of a common goal and a common Love, adventuring together.



MARRIAGE

In Court

In the great institutional hall from which the corridors led off to deaths and births there was a smell of disinfectant. The walls were tiled like a public lavatory. A soft hollow hand guided the Boy by the elbow. "No, no, not that way. That's taxes. That comes later." He led them up great stone stairs. A clerk passed them, carrying printed forms. "And what is the little lady thinking?" Mr. Drewitt, the solicitor, said. She didn't answer him.

"The great thing is," Mr. Drewitt said, "it's over quickly. Just sign the names along the dotted line. Sit down."

He led the way through the room where the clerks worked. Nobody bothered to look up. Nibs wrote shrill numerals and ran on. In a small inner room with green washed walls like a clinic's the registrar waited: a table, three or four chairs against the wall. It wasn't what she thought a marriage would be like—for a moment she was daunted by the cold poverty of a state-made ceremony: "Repeat after me . . . You sign here. . . ."

He took her by the elbow and led the way out to the tiled passage and the big stairs; the mop was gone and somebody had picked up the flower. . . . They went to a pub around the corner.

From *Brighton Rock* by Graham Greene
(Viking: 1938).

In Christ

There is written on the features of both bride and bridegroom reverence, for each other, for the sacrament they are receiving, for Christ, who is joining them in a marriage which will weld their souls into one. It is a picture not marred by frivolity or superficiality but full of Christian dignity and Christian joy.

Years later, Christ is still the center of their home; love, not selfishness rules, stern duty to God is not sacrificed to pleasure; all aspire to reproduce the life of the Holy Family. The mother holds her baby in her arms. There is reverence for the child as a child of God.

Middle age comes and pride, joy, strength, courage shine forth from the faces of husband and wife. Courage and strength, from knowing they do not work nor walk alone, halving their sorrows and doubling their joys by sharing them. Pride, as sons and daughters develop into Christian men and women. Joy, because their own lives have grown into one complete life, their love becoming stronger and deeper, more vital, more glorious. Each has done much to make the other a fuller, richer, more *spiritual*, more complete and perfect person.

From *Happiness in Marriage* by Albert H. Dolan, O. Carm. (1940: Carmelite Press, Englewood, N. J.).

The Church in

a Free India

By

✠ THOMAS POTHACAMURY
of Bangalore



Condensed from NCWC*

THE British are leaving India, and it must be admitted that the growth of the Church in India has coincided with foreign rule. The British did not officially encourage Christianity but their policy of equal toleration and protection of all religions made for steady headway. The British civil servants were generally men of character, culture and ability. They had a background of Christian principles and traditions, a sense of justice and fair play and a balanced and objective view of men and things.

During the Indian struggle for freedom, leading Hindu representatives and organizations objected to conversions to Christianity and the Christian atmosphere in schools. The objections were most marked during the recent war, but continued for some time after its termination. Among the chief causes were pride in ancient Hindu inheritance, religion, philosophy and culture; the suspicion that Christianity was associated with western rule and a western type of civilization; and the fear that conversions meant potential political losses to Hinduism.

But the last two objections will cease to have any force now that the British are definitely withdrawing

from the country and Christianity cannot be looked upon as a religion supported, directly or indirectly, by a foreign power. Under the new national government Catholics and Protestants will be merged with the Hindus in the general electorate. Conversions to Christianity can no longer be looked upon as political losses to Hinduism.

The missionary task will be to uphold the supra-national character of Christianity and its intrinsic truth and universal appeal. With the advance of education and spread of democratic ideas, the caste system will gradually lose its grip on the masses. New opportunities may be afforded to present the credentials of Christianity to a people whose prejudices have been dissipated. National leaders are working for universal and compulsory education, development of industries, betterment of the economic and social condition of the poor classes by raising their earning capacity. Such measures are not likely to be a hindrance to the work of the Church.

Furthermore, no attacks against missionary effort have been in evidence during the past year. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, head of the interim central government, has declared that his

*1312 Massachusetts Ave., Washington, 5, D. C. March 31, 1947.

aim is the establishment of a secular state, in which all religions will have equal freedom. Still more significant is the recent tribute of Gandhi to the selfless labors of Catholic missionaries in the care of the sick and the suffering, particularly lepers. He wanted to know the source from which they derived their heroic courage and spirit of self-sacrifice.

One of the primary functions of the Indian constituent assembly is the formation of an advisory committee to protect the rights of minorities. Catholics will have representatives in that. The freedom to profess, practice and preach the Christian faith as well as the right to have schools is likely to be incorporated in the constitution.

Christian ethics is powerfully influencing modern Hindu thought and is recognized by many leaders as the supreme criterion of human conduct. The many social reforms effected in the country during the last three or four decades are the result of the spread of Christian ideals. Christ is looked up to in an increasing degree as the most perfect moral Teacher and His life on earth as the highest ideal of human life.

The notable contribution made by Catholic charitable and educational agencies for the moral, social, and material progress of the country cannot be ignored. Though Catholics constitute only 1% of the population of India they have some 5,000 elementary schools, 450 middle schools, 325 high schools and 30 university colleges. Hundreds of non-Christian leaders

send their children to Catholic high schools and colleges.

The Church made remarkable progress even during the period when nationalist antagonism to Christianity was most marked. During the last decades, the Catholic population has increased nearly 50% to 4,500,000 in 1946. The Church has taken deep roots in the soil and has all the vitality of natural growth. Of the 58 ecclesiastical divisions in the country, 16 are ruled by Indian bishops. Of the 5,000 priests, about 3,700 are natives and of 10,500 nuns, more than 7,000 are Indians.

In the face of the new conditions every attempt is being made to organize Catholic forces and promote solidarity among Catholics for the defense of rights and liberties. A Bishops' conference was organized in 1944 to study questions affecting the Church under the rapidly changing conditions in India. The conference has not met as a whole as yet, but the working and standing committees held meetings in Bangalore in October, 1945, and in August, 1946.

The laity are alive to the situation and a Catholic Union of India has been formed to fight the battles of the Church.

The Church will have difficulties in the transition period. But the vigor and hopefulness born of revealed truth and of divine protection will be a perennial source of courage. Christ must be the center and light of India's whole life so that her people may overflow "with hope through the power of the Holy Spirit."

Priests for Mexico

By SISTER M. LILLIANA OWENS, S.L.

Condensed from the
*Records of the American Catholic Historical Society**

Montezuma seminary is a modern American Douai.† As the preservation of the Catholic religion in England was largely due to Douai college founded in France by Cardinal Allen during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, where the majority of the clergy were educated in penal times, so Montezuma has been the center of the education of the future Mexican clergy in the modern penal times of Mexico. More than 400 priests, former students of Montezuma, are now laboring successfully in the missions in Mexico, while 400 seminarians are today in the seminary, preparing to carry ahead Christ's work in their native country.

✠ Edwin V. Byrne.

THE blood-drenched altars of Mexico faced a priestless future in 1934. The Mexican seminaries had been confiscated by a hostile government. They included the first and second seminaries at Morelia, Michoacan, the old seminary in the state of Jalisco, and the minor and major seminaries in Guadalajara. The old seminary of Morelia was the fourth to be taken.

Then the bishops of Mexico and of

†Reprints of the original article are available from the American Catholic Historical Society.



the U. S., met at San Antonio, Texas, in 1935 to discuss the situation. It was the general consensus that the greatest need was a seminary where young men could be trained for the priesthood to keep the faith alive in Mexico. The logical place for it seemed to be in the U. S.

The first donor toward this undertaking was Pope Pius XI, who sent \$5,000. During the summer of 1936, Bishop John Mark Gannon made a trip to Rome, and in his audience with Pius XI presented plans of the Committee of North American Bishops. His Holiness blessed the plans. Soon after Bishop Gannon's return to the U. S., a second drive for funds in the U. S. realized \$650,000.

Father Adrian Rabeyrolle, pastor of the Immaculate Conception church, Las Vegas, N. Mex., knew from the Chamber of Commerce there that the Baptists who were in possession of buildings at Montezuma, N. Mex., were anxious to dispose of them. After some parleying, the Committee of Bishops purchased the site.

The National Pontifical Seminary of Our Lady of Guadalupe has commonly come to be known as the Montezuma seminary. It has a history in

which adventure and romance are not lacking. Actual western adventure began in 1846, when the U. S. Army erected the first building of sun-dried adobe bricks at the hot springs in Montezuma, N. Mex. In 1862 General Camby set up his military hospital there for the troops at Old Fort Union, and the place was known as the Hot Springs hospital.

The springs, from which the place takes its name, were long ago the subject of tribal jealousy, guarded by painted sentinels against use or seizure by other tribes. They boil out of the ground ranging in temperature from 110° to 140° F. There are 32 of them on the little plateau on the Gallinas river. The Mexicans, as well as the Indians, recognized their healing qualities. Kit Carson, among others, used the waters.

In 1878 Theodore B. Mills, real estate and insurance man, came to Las Vegas from Little Rock, Ark., and purchased the Montezuma property. He set to work to expand the buildings and beautify the grounds. Then came the struggling crowds of hopeful civilians seeking health in the waters of the springs. In 1879 an official of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad gazed with awe upon the spot, with the result that the railroad purchased it and in 1882 built a resort there which had no counterpart in the West. Workers dug out a terrace from the mountaintop and built a branch railroad from the main line at Las Vegas to the hot springs, ending at the lime kiln. The depot, built across the river, was

connected with the track by a small bridge.

Distinguished visitors came from all parts of the world to bathe. Silks and satins rustled in the long corridors, and fancy foods were served in the beautiful dining room. Montezuma became the meeting place for the élite, had its own race track for the horsy crowd. Kaiser Wilhelm II walked into the lobby one day and signed his name to the register. Other famous guests included one of the Japanese emperors and English royalty.

In 1883 the contracts for excavation for a new hotel building and a \$1-million reservoir in the solid rock were given to Mr. Donigall. At this point much excitement was caused by the discovery of gold dust in the excavations. This made the real estate go up in two ways: great explosions filled the air with rock and dust and the lots near the hotel rose in price. The boom, though short-lived, resulted in the building of many stores, residences—and saloons—in Montezuma.

When the hotel was completed it was furnished expensively. The first electric lights installed in a New Mexican edifice were those of the Hot Springs hotel. The Santa Fe was forced to run five special trains to care for the crowds which flocked to the opening. The manager changed the name to The Montezuma.

Fire destroyed it in 1885. Some of the material remained, and on this ground the insurance company refused to pay the \$1-million insurance policy. They did, however, permit the original

contractor, Mr. Donigall, to rebuild it at the expense of the company. This prompted a new name for the hotel, the Phoenix (Out of the Flames) but the name proved unpopular and it was renamed the Montezuma. The building when completed in 1885 was a beautiful structure of brown stone with a slate roof. The unusual floor plan made it possible for each room to have several hours of sun daily. It was one of the few buildings in the U. S. which was then supplied with water under pressure.

In 1893 a railroad strike crippled all transportation, and plans were made to close the unpatronized Montezuma. The citizens of Las Vegas persuaded the management to leave at least the first floor open. This was done, but it proved to be unsuccessful and the hotel was closed. In 1894 the hotel and bath-houses were leased as a summer resort. The prices and lack of proper accommodations drove away the people who desired to use the mineral water. In 1894 the Montezuma was open again from July 1 to July 15, but failure to meet the expenses again led to its being closed.

Then came the rumblings of the 1st World War. It looked as though Montezuma was doomed; California with its golden sunshine had been popularized to such an extent that the patrons of Montezuma trekked to the coast and the hotel became known as "the neglected mansion in the mountains." The Santa Fe sold it to the YMCA for a consideration of \$1. Then the Bible Film Co., seeing possibilities,

took it over. Finally the title was given to the city of Las Vegas.

It seemed to hold possibilities for a college, and the city began to give options on the site and the buildings. The Baptists of New Mexico were given an option, with the stipulation that they use it as a college and that groceries and all other necessary articles be bought from the business concerns in Las Vegas. The Sisters of Loretto at the Foot of the Cross also took an option on the building at this time. They were conducting a boarding school for girls in West Las Vegas, and the city thought it might be used by them for this purpose. But the Sisters felt that the time for a private school for girls in Las Vegas was short-lived. This and other reasons prompted them to let the option lapse. At the annual meeting of the Baptists held in Santa Fe in 1919 decision was made to exercise their option and to open a college in the old hotel.

The Baptist college grew and flourished for a few years, but the day for the small private college was passing, since the New Mexico Highlands university in Las Vegas was growing. The Baptist college soon realized that it was doomed. On Aug. 6, 1925, it conferred degrees on 20 graduates. Soon after this, financial difficulties began and the student body diminished; the heating system froze and the Baptists had no money to repair it. Stovepipes soon peeped out of windows, and it was evident that things were going from bad to worse. In 1930 the Baptists vacated the building and now the Bap-

tist college, known as the Gem of the Golden West, was no longer and "the halls of Montezuma" were again silent.

This structure, costing in the aggregate \$1 million, was again unoccupied. Weeds grew upon the terraced lawns and fir trees grew higher on the unoccupied 800 acres. Water, biting away with its teeth of rust, marred and destroyed.

Repair and construction work began in May, 1937, immediately after purchase by the Bishops Committee. More than \$350,000 was spent the first year. By September, 1937, the institution was prepared to receive the first delegation of seminarians from Mexico, and the National Pontifical Seminary of Our Lady of Guadalupe was formally opened on Sept. 23, 1937.

Pope Pius XI placed management of the seminary in the hands of the Society of Jesus of the Mexican province, and the first rector, Ramon Martinez, S.J., was appointed. On the inaugural day, more than 350 students from 27 dioceses of Mexico were enrolled.

The students enter what is called the Latin division. They spend only one year here, as they have been taught the classics in Mexico. From the Latin division they enter the philosophers' course, where they spend three years. They then graduate to the four-year course in theology. All the candidates wear Roman collars, except on free days, when they are at liberty to go picnicking in the mountains, play, or work at self-chosen tasks. The Jesuit faculty has been astounded at the preference of the seminarists on free days.

Most of them desire to do volunteer service in the house or on the seminary grounds.

The first conferring of Holy Orders at the seminary took place on Sept. 23, 1938, when the late Bishop Rudolph A. Gerken conferred minor Orders on ten candidates. In 1939, 31 were ordained by their Mexican bishops.

The Committee of North American Bishops in Erie, Pa., in 1944 decided that it was necessary for the good of the Church in Mexico that the seminary be maintained as a permanent part of the North American episcopacy. A committee of Mexican bishops met in Mexico on Nov. 6, 1944, and accepted the offer.

One who visits the National Pontifical Seminary of Our Lady of Guadalupe is impressed with a hidden something which might be defined as "the spirit of Montezuma." It is very evident that the students have approached their life's work with a seriousness of purpose. Some of them can be seen typing, some at work on the mimeograph, others mending shoes or clothing, while still others are thumbing the tomes of the great philosophers and theologians. During the free hours many of them are on the seminary grounds cleaning, renovating, or, perhaps, busily engaged in building a new shrine. The walks and flower beds which line the grounds show the love of the Mexican boys for the home that has been provided for them. High on the mountainside may be seen a lovely shrine built by the students in honor

of the blessed Virgin, the patroness.

In war-torn Mexico, since 1914, seminaries have had to be conducted surreptitiously, and even then only a few were possible. The Committee of North American Bishops is virtually keeping alive the faith in Mexico by supplying the Catholic churches there with Catholic clergy. The regulations in Mexico are in most of the districts so formidable that if there were no American Douai located just outside Las Vegas, the faith in Mexico would die because of priestless altars. The

seminary is salvaging vocations where there have been blood-drenched altars for years. One day the seminarists will turn south. As one watches them pass along the walks and lanes one senses that they are bent upon a great crusade; and they seem to face the future, which for many seems to hold certain death and for all of whom it is "uncertain," eagerly and unafraid.

In the short span of nine years more than 389 priests have been educated in the halls of Montezuma. They form a tenth of the clerics in Mexico.



Did You Ever See a Dream Swapping?

The early Indians in North America were great believers in dreams, and believed that if a person did not through some means obtain any object that he dreamed of, he would be visited by the evil spirit with some great sickness and perhaps even death.

It was as a result of this superstition that an Indian chief came to Sir William Johnson, who headed one of the early British colonies, and told him that he had dreamed that Sir William had given him his fine red coat with gold-lace trimmings.

Sir William saw that he would have to give away his coat, or the man's death might be laid to his charge. But he laid a plan of his own, and the next time he met the old chief, he told him that he had dreamed the tribe had given him a large tract of fine land that he had set his eye on. The Indian groaned at this terrible dream, but dreams were dreams; the tribe gave the land.

When the deal was transacted, the old chief suggested in all seriousness that all should now stop dreaming.

The Liguorian (April '47).



Father O'Malley

Observations on vocation

In My Book These Are the Stars

By BING CROSBY

From *The Shield**

IN THE movie business we have lots of fun pretending we're soldiers of fortune or masters of high adventure. It's fun doing it, and it's fun knowing that we're helping other people to get a laugh or a bit of relief from the worry and care of everyday life. Of course we get paid for it—and that adds to the fun somewhat, too. But when the studio day is ended, we go to our homes and we are just ourselves—no more adventure except when we trip on junior's roller skates or smell the toast burning or write to that man who wants to know how we're getting along on or about the 15th of the month.

There are some people in this world who are playing all the time at high adventure and who never step out of their roles day or night. But the funny thing about them is that they don't seem to realize what heroes they are. We play them in the movies once in a while. They're the Father O'Malleys and the Sister Benedicts and the Brothers whom Hollywood writers frequently don't bother to name. They are the people whose lives are filled

with real drama. Day after day the padre goes along, straightening out the lives of others who have gotten into tangles of one sort or another. Day after day the Sister or the Brother works patiently, shaping the characters of girls and boys who will be mainstays of this good American way of life of ours, which is founded on a belief in God. Look at any American coin—"In God We Trust."

The priest and the Religious are the real makers of history. The rest of us run a business and make some money, and after a little while, we're gone, and the money's gone. But they are building kingdoms of spiritual values, that are going to influence and rule generations years and years away.

Of course, we've each got our little spot in this big movie of life, and the trick is to play our part the way the Great Director wants it played. Most of us are spotted to places like mine—with a bunch of youngsters and a good wife at home to provide for. But some of us can move up into really stellar roles, if we answer the call when the Great Director goes about

*May, 1947. Reprinted by permission of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, U. S. A., publishers, Cincinnati, O.

casting. The important thing is to have studied our abilities and to know whether or not we can play the roles when they are opened to us.

For me—I envy the boy who gets cast for life as a Father O'Malley and the girl who gets called up for lifelong starring as a Sister Benedict. In my book, they are the ones whose names are going to stand first on the program, spelled out in capital letters, and in good black type. In my book, these are the stars.

In Hollywood, the actors have agents who remind the directors and producers about their talents and ambitions. Well, there are ways to get in line for the big roles in the real-life drama I have just been describing. There are people you can pray to, and you can do a lot to get yourself in shape for the part you'd like to play. In real life, it takes a smart fellow to

be a Father O'Malley—you'll notice I said in *real* life—and it takes a girl *who has everything* to be a good Sister.

The world needs a lot of padres and Religious right now. The world needs them for the good they can do and for the example they can give of that spirit we call the Christian spirit. In the long view of our times, there will be more glory attached to the memory of the padre and the teacher than to the memories of a lot of generals.

When a movie director deals with the character of a priest or a Religious in the motion-picture drama and he builds up the character into something heroic, he never needs to worry about acknowledgments to real-life people. He knows that any resemblance of such movie characters to thousands of priests and Brothers and Sisters now living is strictly *not* a mere matter of coincidence.



Retort Caustic

FATHER TOM BURKE, the famous Irish Dominican, had a great fondness for riding on the top of an omnibus. Once when doing so after a long service in Dublin, he produced his Breviary and was soon deeply absorbed in prayer.

A non-Catholic sitting near by took occasion to comment. "The Lord tells us," he said, "that when we pray, we should not be as the hypocrites who love to pray in public so that they may be seen by men. When I pray, I enter into my room, close the door, and pray in secret."

Without looking up, Father Burke replied aloud, "Yes, and then you get on top of an omnibus and tell the world about it."

The Poor Souls Friend (Feb. '47).

Land of Evangeline

Old-World Louisiana

By LOU MYRTIS VINING

Condensed from *Travel**



IN THE Teche country of Southern Louisiana, past and present, people and the region in which they live have blended in such a way as to produce a kind of life found nowhere else in America. It is not easy to explain the very special charm of this land of the bayous and lake or why the Acadians who live here are so different from Americans in any other part of the U. S.

History gives a partial answer. Approximately 4,000 Acadian French settled in Louisiana after they were dispersed from their Nova Scotia settlement in 1755. Over a period of 30 years they came in small groups, settling along Bayous Teche, LaFourche, and Vermillion, and in Plaquemines parish below New Orleans.

The Bayou Teche, which rises in central Louisiana, flows with patient rhythm into Grand Bayou, narrows between Berwick and Morgan City, and finally merges in the marshy and salty bay off the shores of Terrebonne parish. The Bayou Teche gave peace, water, and brown soil to the settlers of long ago. Those benefits the Acadians, or Cajuns, as they are now called, still enjoy, and for many generations the country has subtly molded the character of the people.

Along the Bayou Teche the Cajun shoots, traps and dreams. Solidity and physical strength, sturdy Breton peasantry, several centuries removed, mark the Cajun as distinct in stock as any Kentucky mountaineer. His language, transformed in its transit from one racial melting pot to another, sounds as lovely as it is difficult to understand, for it is a combination of French, Spanish and sometimes Indian and English, a language made up of hybrid words of an Old-New-World dialect.

The church register at St. Martinsville bears the record of the first child born to the Acadians in Louisiana in these words: "On the Eleventh of May, 1765, I baptized with the ceremony of the Church, Margaret Ann, the daughter of Oliver Thiboudant." Thiboudant is followed by names like Beaulieu, Provost, Danis, Minvielle, Con-soulin, Duvilet; and names with a more familiar cadence, Taylor, Weeks, Palfrey, Peebles.

Tradition still decrees that the Cajun marry early and rear a large family. The water insists that the children of the bayous learn to swim almost before they can walk. Many go to school in boats.

There are all kinds of Cajuns. Some are hunters in season, and fishermen

*200 E. 37th St., New York City, 16. January, 1947.

the rest of the year; some drive wagons and plow with primitive farming implements. Some live in unpainted cabins with two rooms, a "gallery," and a loft. In many houses one finds only a rod, a gun, a spinning wheel, a loom and home-made furniture, yet, "a few acres up the road" (an acre is some 200 feet and an accepted statement of distance along the bayous) will be a farm as modern as the New World affords.

But there are customs that all Acadians have in common: illness, money, good or bad luck are always shared. There is much visiting all up and down the bayous. Families walk, ride or go in pirogues (the Cajun's own canoe). The gallery, half in and half out of the house, is one of the accepted spots for entertaining friends.

The Cajun fishes not only for fish, but because he likes the feel of the fish pole in his strong arms and the misty air on his smooth brow. And any Cajun will smile indulgently if you speak of his food; for a gumbo filet to you may not mean the same measure of oysters, crayfish, and crab as it does to him. He has ways of pounding the dry leaves of the sassafras tree to mix his. He has particular ways of cooking everything.

The Cajun's religion is a habitual part of his life. Images, crucifixes, holy-water receptacles are seen in his home. Shadow boxes, small white containers of figures of the saints and crucifixes, are placed in the cemetery on All Saints' day, Easter, and during the days of Lent.

Last Aug. 26, Father Jules S. Toup, pastor of Sacred Heart church in Morgan City, assisted by Father Bernard Mistretta, blessed the trawlers of Morgan City's shrimp fleet before it left on another fishing trip. This age-old rite originated on the coast of Brittany, where fishing boats stayed at sea several months. As Father Toup read the ritual, both priests sprinkled holy water on the 233 trawlers which lined the pier. Eight altar boys, dressed in red cassocks and white surplices, stood beside him.

Thousands of men fish for crayfish to make crayfish bisque, or, as it is known in the land of Evangeline, *gumo des crevirse*. The crayfish are caught in funnel-shaped nets of chicken wire, baited with catfish heads. The nets are spread out in the water and left for a day; then pulled up, loaded with crayfish.

Shrimp fishing centers at Morgan City, and the airplane, our modern food purveyor, is placing Morgan City shrimp on northern tables in record time.

Frogs and oysters are only a little less important than shrimp. I watched a frog catcher work from a boat, using an electric flashlight to blind his quarry. The frog is picked up off the mud banks or from swamp grass with a scissors-like wooden apparatus ending in two sets of cupped wires.

Trappers by the hundreds work for the big leasing companies which control miles of swamp territories where the muskrats live and breed. The muskrat trapper and the rice farmer

must fight the mosquito as no else on earth.

The Cajun has his "sights" to show you. He will proudly tell you that Avery island, south of New Iberia, has one of the largest salt mines in the world, and was the inspiration for the first wildlife sanctuary on this continent. He will speak of its founder, E. A. McIlhenny, with admiration.

Around St. Martinsville, residents point with pride to St. Martin's Catholic church, oldest in the state. It was established in 1765 by Jean François, Capuchian priest and missionary, and is the same today as when built. The Lourdes grotto in the church, a masterpiece of art, was built by a native octoroon. The grave of Evangeline (Emmeline Labiche) is near the left wing at the rear of the building. And it is still Evangeline who gives St. Martinsville a gentle and distinct importance. Beneath the Evangeline oak, Emmeline (Evangeline) is said to have met her faithless Louis Arceneaux (Gabriel).

St. Martinsville, in spite of a history which includes yellow-fever epidemic, a disastrous fire, and a hurricane, has not forgotten that once the French aristocrats called her *Petit Paris* and that the French opera singers made annual journeys up the bayou. For Little Paris, as she came to be popularly known, has within her quiet streets the true artistic temperament of music and the theater. Gentle dignity marks the pattern of houses and the quietness of streets, for most St. Martinsville's houses are old. The new ones

are careful to keep traditional fashions, long porches and doors, white tones, and galleries.

The court house and cemetery are other sights. The court house was built wholly by slave labor more than 90 years ago; records within go back to 1750. The cemetery has more people buried in it than are alive in the town. And the names, inscribed for generations after generation, are those of the same families.

There are less stately sights as you travel up and down; sugar cane growing in tall green stalks, enough sugar cane, it seems, to fill a bowl for the world. There is cotton, too, and many tiny gardens blossoming near the homes. Truck crops grow in abundance; there are also pecan groves; and a little farther away near the prairie section, fields of sweet potatoes and corn, then all of a sudden the land isn't land any more, but rice. The rice farmer from his hardpan acres is beginning to speak of airplanes for seeding, fertilizing and dusting; and of the new conversion process which leaves the vitamin content within the grain.

Some of the beautiful old mansions have vanished; others are crumbling. Some fortunately have survived. Oak Lawn near Franklin is one of the show places of the section. Oak Lawn was originally the dream of a Celt, Alexander Porter. Many writers have described its two porticoes, identical at back and front, its massive doorways and marble mantles. Judge Porter would marvel at Oak Lawn's newer ventures into modernity, a private golf

course and a solid-marble bathtub. Perhaps he would be rather dubious about the prices asked tourists to visit the estate; 50¢ to enter the grounds, 50¢ to inspect the rooms.

Among the other old houses are The Shadows, the old Weeks house at New Iberia; Albania, French Royalist in tradition, but New Orleans owned and operated; Shadyside; Dixie and other mansions where men lived "who wore lace at their cuff, steel at their belt, and died rather than know defeat."

I like to think this Teche enchantment is more than a magic spell that will fade tomorrow. Nature and climate will conspire to keep Louisiana's siren land as beautiful as when Longfellow wrote:

Here no hungry winter congeals the blood like the rivers

Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer,

Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil as the keel through the water.



The Papal Ring

The papal ring, once the personal seal of Popes, is called formally the "ring of the Fisherman." It is engraved with the name of the Pope, below which is the figure of St. Peter in a boat, pulling up a fishing net; from this figure the ring received its name. When a Pope dies, his ring is destroyed and a new one conferred on his successor by the Cardinal Chamberlain. Engraving a papal ring usually requires three months' painstaking work by an expert craftsman.

When Pope Pius VII was elected, he wore a substitute ring for a year and a half, while the Vatican ring maker engraved the real one. When it was finished, it was said to be the most beautiful ever wrought.

Two months later the engraver, Angelo Tarantino, went blind. Upon hearing of this, Pius VII ordered a duplicate of his papal ring made and presented to the family of the ring maker. For generations this ring passed from father to son in the Tarantino family.

When the Americans invaded Italy during the 2nd World War, an Army chaplain in a paratrooper division gave the last rites to a dying Italian civilian. Before the civilian died, he gave the chaplain a ring he was wearing. Today this ring rests in the chapel of an American cemetery in Italy with the following sign under it: "A duplicate of the papal ring of Pope Pius VII, presented to the American Forces by Donus Tarantino."

Louis J. Rasmussen.

Justice with one eye open

USSR People's Court

By CRAIG THOMPSON

Condensed from *Life**

IN THE Soviet Union the court of first jurisdiction is called *Narodny Sud*. This is where Soviet plaintiffs and defendants first face justice. The court administers both the criminal and civil codes and is usually presided over by three judges. Many of these judges are women. Otherwise the atmosphere is not greatly different from that of any local court in the U.S. But, as in such courts everywhere, they throw a revealing light on how the masses live.

I visited the district division of the Moscow people's court for the Sverdlovsk area. The case in progress concerned a man who had been convicted of stealing 62 copies of the newspaper *Red Star*, worth about 12 rubles, or approximately \$1. The presiding judge was a huge man in a brown sweater under a suit jacket of coarse material which needed pressing. He had a rash on his jowls and had smeared it with white salve. His associates were women, one white-haired with a deeply lined face, the other a motherly looking ash-blond of about 40. All three were very stern. The prisoner was by far the best-dressed figure in the room. His blond hair had been freshly cut



and his face newly shaved. There was a gasp from the spectators as the presiding judge read out the sentence: one year at hard labor. With a gesture of nonchalance the defendant slapped on his blue serge cap and followed the policeman who guarded him out of the courtroom. He appeared much less stunned than any of the spectators.

It was midafternoon when I entered another courtroom. The judge, young and pretty, wore a trim, well-tailored suit of good material. Her mouth had a hint of lipstick. Before her sat a ragged little urchin, his face furtive and fearful. Every time the door opened it made a slight squeak, and he cast his eyes around as if expecting some new misfortune. The evidence had just been finished. The judge, looking down at him, inquired, "And what do you say for yourself?" Miserably, he answered, "I won't do it again." She then announced that there would be a few minutes' pause while she prepared the sentence. I had no idea what the boy's crime was but decided to stay.

After about ten minutes the judge came back, and, standing at the corner

*Rockefeller Center, New York City, 20. April 14, 1947. Copyright, Time, Inc., 1947

of the bench, read from a long sheet of paper. I learned that the boy was a locksmith at a Moscow brake plant, and had been charged and convicted for the third time of absenteeism. The court now ruled that this time he must be deprived of one quarter of his pay for a period of nine months.

Slowly, he stood up to go. At this point the door creaked and an old woman, apparently a building em-

ployee, stuck her head in. She asked, "Do you want lights?" As usual the boy had jerked his head around and the pretty judge had seen the movement, purely animal in its quickness and fear, purely human in the furtive return of his head and eyes. Whatever the judge thought, she merely shook her head negatively at the old woman. The boy drifted toward the door.

I put on my hat. I had seen enough.



How Honest Are You?

(See page 94)

Have you ever taken the measure of your own honesty? If not, here's a little test to be done on the sly. Answer honestly. Check off the questions to which you can answer "yes." The scoring is explained on page 94.

1. A tired store clerk gives you excess change. Would you return it?

2. You find a purse containing a large sum of money. Would you endeavor to find the owner?

3. Since accepting an invitation you receive a much more attractive one. Would you honor the first?

4. When a guest at the hotel, do you give the furniture the same careful treatment you do at home?

5. You are involved in a car accident through breaking a traffic law. There are no neutral witnesses. Would you accept all the blame?

6. Your protégé has just turned five but would easily pass for four. Would you tell his age and pay child's tariff?

7. You are selling your house and you know the basement floods in wet weather. A prospective buyer asks if the basement is sound. Would you tell

him the facts?

8. Would you definitely avoid misrepresenting or exaggerating the merits of an article you had for sale?

9. Would you avoid misrepresenting the real nature of your difficulties when applying to bank or friend for a good-sized loan?

10. Would you avoid misrepresenting your qualifications or experience when applying for an important job?

11. Would you release a person from a business agreement if you realized unforeseen conditions had made the deal very disadvantageous to him?

12. Would you knowingly pass off a bogus coin on your paper boy, after having received it unwittingly from an unknown source?

13. You have been "keeping up with the Joneses" and now Mrs. Jones asks you for a good-sized donation for a worthy cause. But you can't stay in the swim because of financial embarrassment. Would you admit to being low in funds or seek a protective excuse?

That's all! Now for the score.

Walter King in the *Ave Maria* (29 June '46).

The finale was God's

Modern Magdalen

By DORIS BURTON

Condensed from the *Rosary**

EUGENIE FENEGLIO was born in 1866 near Toulon, the daughter of a master cutter in a costumer's shop. Her childhood was unhappy, darkened by violence between her parents, caused apparently by her father's ungovernable jealousy. Frequently the terrified child sought refuge with a kindly family near by, and it was here that she first showed a remarkable talent in amateur theatricals.

When she was 18 her wretched home life culminated in tragedy. In the midst of a terrible scene, her father shot and killed his wife, next he fired at but missed his daughter, and finally he blew his own brains out. Eugenie and her brother rushed shrieking from the house; she never saw her brother again.

For a time the penniless girl lived with her mother's cousin, a Madame Garnier, who subjected her to a puritanical discipline until she was sent to the Home of the Good Shepherd. It was during her stay here that she caught sight of the photograph of a famous actress in a shop window, to her a vision of beauty and success. But Eugenie appears to have resented the rules and regulations of the convent, for she finally ran away and went back

to Madame Garnier, who thereafter treated her with a greater severity, allowing her to leave the house unaccompanied only when she went to visit her parents' grave.

At last the unfortunate girl found work, freedom, and happiness in a milliner's shop, where her naturally merry disposition, nimble fingers, and good taste brought her popularity, and a new name. Adorning her dark frock one day with a fashionable white necktie known as a Lavalliere—after the royal favorite of Louis XIV, Eugenie was laughingly hailed as "Lavalliere," and the name clung to her. She was only too thankful to give up one which reminded her of the tragic past.

However, Lavalliere had no intention of spending her life at millinery work, and with her restless longing for the stage thought of running away to try her luck in that direction; but the kindly milliner, discovering the plan, persuaded her to go to an uncle who kept a boarding house at Nice, until she heard of a definite opening.

The visit was arranged, but when she arrived three days overdue, having spent the time and also her money enjoying herself, her uncle refused her admittance. As she sat weeping by the

* 141 East 6th St., New York City, 21. April, 1947.

roadside a stranger stopped to sympathize, and to him she confided her story and burning ambition. He offered to pay for her journey to Paris, and she eagerly accepted his "kind" offer and escort, thinking that Paris was surely the stepping-stone to her heart's desire. She reached Paris disillusioned, but with undiminished stage fever.

Singing and dancing in the cafes of Montmartre gave her a living but did not satisfy her. She wanted to be a great actress. She sought out an old teacher of elocution, singing and dancing, who, accustomed to pretty girls longing to go on the stage, only grudgingly consented to hear her voice. He was, however, unexpectedly delighted with its lilt and vivacity, which he believed promised well for the variety stage, and after giving her a few weeks of training, he arranged an audition for her with the director of the Variétés.

She sang one verse. "That will do." It was over. She had failed, she thought. "I said it will do. You will start next week at 80 francs a month."

It was the first step to fortune, for a few weeks after this first engagement in a small part, one of the leading actresses was taken ill and Eve Lavalliere, as she was now called, was given the role at 300 francs a month. Nevertheless, for ten years she remained almost unknown, playing minor parts, until in 1901 she had her first notable success, her gaiety, sparkling improvisation, tenderness and pathos winning all hearts.

There followed 16 years of riotous

triumph as Parisian star of light comedy; years of fame and wealth, with theaters clamoring for her services, royalty seeking her favors, an adoring public showering her with admiration and gifts, a life of luxury, self-indulgence and glamor. She had long since given up the practice of her Catholic faith. The director of the Variétés passed as her husband and to them was born one daughter.

Even at the height of her fame Eve suffered despair. She herself describes her moments of melancholy when suicide seemed to overshadow her, and a story is told of a man rescuing her from the edge of the Seine. Once, as she lay desperately ill in a nursing home conducted by the Sisters of St. Saviour, she was moved to repentance, but the mood, though genuine, was short-lived, for upon recovery she resumed her old life.

In 1917, she signed a contract to tour the States, but decided first to have a well-earned rest, and accompanied by her maid Leona she set out for a chateau in Touraine. The management of this property was in the hands of the local curé. After Eve had been in residence a few days he called on his tenant and during their conversation expressed his surprise at her absence from Mass on Sunday. Startled, she replied that being Lavalliere of the Variétés, she thought he might have objected to her presence.

"Why should I object? The church is open to everyone."

The following Sunday she knelt with the peasants at Mass and listened

to M. Chasteigner's sermon on Mary Magdalen, the first of a series on the lives of great penitents preached on successive Sundays, with Eve as one of the congregation. Meeting him one day, she remarked pleasantly, "There's one thing you forgot in your sermon. My name at the end!"

She began to talk things over with Leona, and discovered that the maid had never made her first Communion. She was anxious that the omission be rectified, explaining that the day of her own first Communion had been the only really happy one in her life. The curé insisted that Leona first be instructed, and, at her own request, Eve too was present at the instructions.

Her friends thought her interest in religion but a crazy fad. Instead of driving to church in her limousine, she walked to daily Mass over a rough cobblestone road, more than six kilometers. When Leona received her first Communion, Eve knelt beside her at the rail. She had gone to Confession.

The world of fashion was stupefied to hear that Eve Lavalliere had abandoned not only her theatrical career but her gay life in Paris. There were rumors: a new love affair, a publicity stunt, religious mania! She left her huge correspondence unanswered, received but a few friends; her days were entirely devoted to prayer, charitable works and mortification. A baron, a wealthy diplomat who had been among her most generous and sincere admirers, wrote, begging her to see him. She replied, "Reception is impossible. Send cheque ten thousand at

once." The money arrived and was immediately distributed to charitable works.

Eve felt herself called to the Religious life though she had not the health nor strength for her heart's desire, Carmel. But she went to Paris and sold her possessions. Then, accompanied by Leona, she went to Lourdes in November, and was at first accommodated in a boarding house. She wished to stay in the Convent of the Immaculate Conception but the nuns feared her notoriety; finally she was given two small rooms in the annex, a small building with its own tiny chapel, tucked away down by the Gave river.

Here her days were mapped out according to her own self-imposed rule: rise at 5:45, wash in cold water; meditation, Mass, knit or read; an hour's adoration; a decade of the Rosary at the Grotto; and so on, until night.

In addition, she practiced a life of poverty: her food and clothing were of the simplest; a life of humility: her attractive appearance was deliberately sacrificed. It was the fashion to have bobbed hair; her's must grow. A tooth fell out; the gap must remain, the disfigurement an expiation for past vanity. To atone for the former pampering of her body she chose to endure extreme cold.

Even at this remote spot her identity became known, and brought her the most wretched publicity. She found herself surrounded by curious strangers at the very Grotto itself. Tales

were still circulated about her. Finally the rigorous climate proved too much, and she fell ill. It was obvious that she must leave Lourdes. She longed to follow God's will, but where did it lead? Her pilgrimage started, an uncertain existence which was afterwards described as "doing her purgatory with her valise in her hand."

First she went to Paris as witness in a court case on behalf of her daughter Jeanne, who selfishly refused to go with her. Finally Eve went to visit her at the chateau Jeanne's father had given his daughter. The visit ended in the bitter humiliation of being turned out by her daughter's companion. Eve returned to Lourdes, finding rooms near the Orphelinat Bernadette, and it was there that she was introduced to Archbishop Lemaître of Carthage. She hoped to enter his missionary Order as a White Sister, but fell ill again. In 1920 she took a small house at Thuilleries, which she called Bethany, painted blue and white in honor of the Immaculate Conception.

It was about this time she was received into the Third Order of St. Francis and settled down to a life of

seclusion, prayer, and mortification.

Her seclusion, however, was unexpectedly interrupted by a call from the archbishop to leave for Tunis to join his institute of nurses, whose work was to minister to sick and needy in Arab villages. She set out joyfully, but after a time returned home seriously ill. Three times during the next few years she made that journey to North Africa, but in 1925, her health broken irreparably, she came home to die.

The last five years of her life were years of great suffering joyfully endured. Her tiny income was devoted almost entirely to charity; her account book shows the rigid economy of her own personal expenses.

She died in 1929. When the burial of the famous actress took place there were no magnificent funeral trappings and exotic wreaths, no press photographers and reporters, no crowds lining the route; it was just a humble village event. It might have been the funeral of a pauper.

Inscribed on her tomb are the words of St. Thais, "I have left all for God. He alone sufficeth me. You, who created me, have mercy on me."



How Honest Are You? The Score

(Page 90)

It's hard to believe, but very few candidates make a satisfactory pass on this test with over ten "yes" answers. A score of 12 or more is definitely superior. As a rule, women score themselves slightly lower than men. It may be that they are a little more honest in the face-up. But the general run of answers seems to indicate that the average citizen, if not strictly honest, is at least kindly disposed. How honest are you?



Viking Altar

THE "earliest identifiable Christian altar in the interior of America" is the description applied by Hjalmar R. Holland, historian and runologist, to the huge rock shown in the sketch above. The rock lies on a slope near Sauk Center, Minn. It is 27 feet long by 17 wide.

Mr. Holland received a letter in the fall of 1943 from Father Henry Retzek, of West Union, Minn., whose attention had been called to the rock by Frank L. Gettys of Sauk Center. Four holes drilled into the stone in different directions led the historian to deduce it was used as an altar by a party of Vikings from Vinland, out searching for survivors of an Indian massacre who recorded their tragedy on the now famous Kensington rune stone, dated 1362. Members of this earlier expedition had penetrated as far as Kensington, in north-central Minnesota, coming by way of Hudson Bay and Lake Winnipeg, before setting off overland for Vinland.

The searching party failed in its quest. The all-water route of this latter party is traced by Mr. Holland in his

book, *America: 1355-1364*,* across Minnesota from a point on the Red river above Moorhead, through the Detroit Lakes lake section, down to Sauk Center. He established the route by a series of mooring stones, which have holes bored near their edges to admit ringbolts, reposing on the banks of existing or former lakes. All the evidence rules out the conclusion that the rock at Sauk Center was a mooring stone, however. Indications are rather, that the holes were made for a spear and peg to hold a guy line, to support a canopy, and for a shelf to support an altar.

This altar, Mr. Holland says, is the easternmost camp site of the explorers. They were on a river which would carry them speedily to the Mississippi.

"The explorers and their priest no doubt celebrated Mass at frequent intervals, so it is not strange if they did so at this camp site," Mr. Holland remarks. "But here they appear to have taken special pains to make the rite as impressive as possible. The huge semicircular rock with its two widespread wings or arms may well have

*1946. Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., 270 Madison Ave., New York City, 16. 256 pp. \$4.

seemed reminiscent of the chancels in their beloved churches far away across the sea. Then, too, their arrival here may have coincided with the time of a great feast day. The feast of the Assumption comes on Aug. 15, and, if the

travelers left Hudson Bay about June 1, they may have arrived at the rock about this time. It may also be that their somewhat elaborate festival was an expression of gratitude that their worst difficulties had been overcome."



Durocher Versus the CYO

The Catholic Youth Organization of Brooklyn, in action without precedent in sports, withdrew from the Dodgers Knot-Hole Club as a rebuke of Manager Leo Durocher's actions on and off the field. A large number of sports addicts complained that the CYO was stepping beyond its bounds in rebuking Durocher, saying his conduct was no concern of the CYO. Their argument said that all fans, the old as well as the young, went to the park to see the game, and if the manager whose sagacity, or the player whose home run decided the game, happened to be no-account trash off the field, why, that was his business and nobody else's.

But the fact remains, the CYO blacklisting of Durocher, a long time coming, was entirely lawful, and, more than that, imperative for the protection of the thousands of boys in Brooklyn and elsewhere. The kids are familiar with the lives of their heroes from A to Z, and the tendency is strong to regard their idols as men who can do no wrong. Accordingly, if a Durocher ignores the laws of decency and good living, and nevertheless remains a hero, the minds of the young cannot fail to be impressed and to suspect that maybe it's O. K. to stray from the traditional straight-and-narrow, provided you achieve stardom.

The nation now will follow with keen interest Durocher's reaction to the storm of criticism which beats upon him. He says he has learned his lesson, that he will shun his associations of the past. He has everybody pulling for him, of course. Even if the Dodgers finished in the second division, Durocher will have won a pennant for himself if he heeds the pleas of the straight-thinking people of Brooklyn and elsewhere.

Catholic Mirror (April '47).

A Priest Forever

By JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI

Condensed chapter of a book*

A LITTLE boy once described a priest as a man who wore his collar backwards. Putting the priest in a class by himself has a certain merit. Later the boy will learn that the priest is a priest irrespective of clothing, and that the reversed collar is as much due to fashions as are trousers and suspenders. The term *sacerdos* in Latin (*priest* in English) is limited to the men assigned to offer sacrifice for the people. If there is no sacrifice, there is no priesthood.

Priesthood and sacrifice are fundamentally associated in the Catholic Church. The priest's essential and foremost duty is to offer the Sacrifice of the Mass, to provide through the words of Consecration the Victim, Jesus Christ, and to consummate that Sacrifice at what is known as the priest's Communion. The activities which Christ enjoined when He bade the Apostles, "Go forth and teach all nations," and which can be summed up in the phrase "pastor of the flock," are part and parcel of the sacerdotal commission. The priest, entrusted with the authority and power over the sacraments of the Eucharist, Penance, and Extreme Unction, is also the normal minister of Baptism, and the Church assigns him an important role

in the sacrament of Matrimony. Of the seven sacraments, he does not officiate at Holy Orders, the power of which is vested in the bishop, nor at Confirmation except by special delegation.

Other tasks of the priest may be mundane as well as spiritual, deriving from his administrative and jurisdictional authority. Many priests do not have that authority, nor is it essential to the purpose for which they are ordained.

In any system of authority, there must exist ranks distinguished by power and authority. Just as an army has its grades of officers, the Church has her hierarchy of ecclesiastical offices and officials. Her ratings are given by the sacrament of Holy Orders.

Ratings consist of ranks known as minor and major Orders, primarily distinguished according to their power over the Body of Christ in the Eucharist. Minor Orders are so designated because this power is not given with them. Major Orders are ranked either according to the power over the mystical Body through jurisdiction, or merely according to honor. Thus a bishop outranks a priest, both of whom receive major Orders, not by virtue of any increase of power over the real

*Whereon to Stand. 1946. Harper & Brothers, 49 E. 33rd St., New York City. 302 pp. \$3.

Body, but by virtue of greater power of jurisdiction.

Today, because the real need for separate offices, formerly performed by those in the lowest ecclesiastical rank, has practically disappeared, minor Orders do not form so distinct a class. They include porters, readers, exorcists and acolytes, names which in themselves describe functions. All are now received, each with its appropriate ritual, by the candidate for priesthood, who later is given also the three major Orders of subdeacon, deacon, and priest. The two former may be described as stations on the road to priesthood itself.

The bishop, at the time of episcopal consecration, is alone given the full power of a successor of the Apostles, whose mission is that which Christ described when He said, "As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." The bishop's episcopal power of jurisdiction, by which he teaches and rules his flock, is conferred by the pope's assigning him to a diocese or mission territory. The priest receives power of Holy Orders in a lesser degree. He shares in the power of jurisdiction only by delegation of his bishop or the Pope, just as the U. S. Army officer is commissioned by the President.

The ritual of the sacrament of Holy Orders is most solemn and beautiful. The sacrament is validly administered only by a bishop who has himself been consecrated into the hierarchical line

of Apostles by their successors. The entire ceremony is performed in a church and before an assembly of the lay faithful with priests assisting while the Mass of ordination is celebrated, interpolated with special prayers.

In its essential matter, the sacrament is bestowed by the bishop when he imposes his hands on the heads of the candidates. Priestly associates, who in Holy Orders fill roles comparable to sponsors in Baptism and Confirmation, have a merely ceremonial function. The candidates, all wearing the deacon's stole and carrying the distinctive vestments of the priest and a lighted candle, are summoned by name, each answering "*Adsum*," Latin for "I am present." After their worthiness has been attested by an official, the bishop charges both clergy and people to come forward and state any objection to the candidate's fitness; he then instructs and admonishes the candidates collectively on the duties of their new office.

Later he vests each with the priestly garments, after saying the prayer, "Let us, dearly beloved brethren, beseech God the Father Almighty to multiply His heavenly gifts on these His servants whom He has chosen for the office of the priesthood and enable them to fulfill by His help what they undertake, through Christ, our Lord." In another prayer, he calls down God's blessing on the priests-to-be, intones a hymn to the Creator, and anoints their hands with oil.

To each he hands the sacred vessels of the Sacrifice, together with bread

and wine, after which the candidates repeat the words of the Mass with the bishop, all simultaneously saying the words of consecration: "This is My Body. . . . This is My Blood. . . ." All having consumed the Eucharistic sacrament, each candidate in turn approaches; the bishop lays his hands upon him and says, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." Now a priest, a priest forever, the newly ordained makes a promise of obedience and, having received the kiss of peace, returns to his place.

Endowed with the power of the Holy Ghost a, priest thus enters upon that ministry which Christ, establishing this holy office, promised would have both singular privileges and burdensome duties. "And you shall be hated by all men for My name's sake. But he that shall persevere until the end, he shall be saved."

Because he must teach, and confer grace through the sacraments, the priest is at once the shepherd who must guard his flock, feed it with the Eucharist, and defend it; the father, because through Baptism he brings his spiritual children into supernatural life; the judge, whose office it is to absolve or refuse those who come self-accused to the tribunal of Penance; and the physician who, agent of Christ in the confessional, heals souls.

To be worthy of discharging his many duties, the candidate must be

initially possessed of certain necessary qualities, spiritual, mental, and physical. The Church exercises the greatest care in selection of candidates, but certainly with no thought of being infallible. She first seeks to determine whether an applicant has the correct disposition, which she calls a vocation, or a "divine calling," to the sacred office. While the reality of this divine vocation can be verified only progressively, it can be submitted to some tests: examining the applicant's character, sanctity of life, aptitude for knowledge, genuineness of intention.

The bishop must also inquire into details of birth, age and title of the candidate, and must also determine whether he is born of Catholic parents, and is spiritually, intellectually, morally, and physically fit for the exercise of the ministry. Only males are eligible. They must be baptized and confirmed, and none can be ordained priest licitly until he is 24. Because he should not be impeded by anything which rightly or wrongly is a matter of scorn, illegitimacy of birth is a barrier. The applicant must be sound of body, must enjoy the use of his physical senses, and must have a physical constitution equal to the rigors of his life. However, the pope or a bishop given the special authority may grant an exception to certain of these regulations, including that of illegitimacy. The forthcoming ordination must be published in the place of the candidate's birth and of his residence, and the results of the inquiries forwarded

to the bishop. Testimonial letters are required from other bishops in whose dioceses the candidate may have resided for a period of over six months, and no bishop may ordain a man not of his diocese without permission from the candidate's episcopal superior.

The priest, formally known as *Reverend*, and informally as *Father*, has a right to receive maintenance from a determined source. It is guaranteed in most cases by the bishop under whose jurisdiction he is to be ordained, but it may, his own bishop and he himself concurring, be assumed after his ordination by another bishop, who would then take the priest under his jurisdiction.

Preceding ordination there must be a number of years of study, varying according to previous education. Usually, after two years of scholastic philosophy in a Catholic college, the student's course at the seminary, the school where the candidate is prepared for the priesthood, is four years. If he has had only a high-school education, eight years at least are normally required. A solid foundation in philosophy is needed before he takes up the essential theology. Since in the seminaries these are taught in Latin, he must acquire a ready knowledge of that language.

Christ did not make celibacy a condition of priesthood. It was imposed by the Church as a condition of ordination, only after her priests had voluntarily adopted the custom. Today the priest is required to make a vow of celibacy. "There are eunuchs who

have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven," Christ said. "He that can take, let him take it." And Paul wrote, "He that is without a wife is solicitous for the things that belong to the Lord: how he may please God. But he that is with a wife is solicitous about the things of the world: how he may please his wife. And he is divided." Since the vow of celibacy is a solemn obligation not to marry after Holy Orders, a widower may be ordained or, in comparatively rare cases, a man whose wife freely agrees to their separation—she then usually devotes herself also to a religious life.

With what freedom, but with what deliberation the seminarian takes the priestly vow is emphasized when he is received into the first of the major orders, that of subdeacon. In words unmistakably clear, the bishop solemnly enjoins him, "You ought anxiously to consider again and again what sort of burden this is which you are taking upon you and of your own accord. Up to this you are free. You may still, if you choose, turn to the aims and desires of the world. But if you receive this Order it will not longer be lawful to turn back from your purpose. You will be required to continue in the service of God and with His assistance to observe chastity and to be bound for ever in the administration of the Altar, to serve Whom is to reign."

Besides celibacy, the priest assumes the daily reading of the Office of the Church, a series of prayers contained in books known as the Breviary. Approximately an hour each day

is devoted to this prescribed reading of numerous prayers in a fixed order: of psalms, all 150 each week; canticles from both Old and New Testaments; lessons or epistles from writings of the Hebrew prophets, Apostles and early Fathers; passages of the Gospels; and various time-honored hymns or poems. The Breviary's prayers, for convenience divided into four books, one for each season, are repeated from year to year, with a regular weekly recurrence of certain of them.

This daily reference to the sources of the Church's teachings has not only devotional but practical value. A formal education can become a dead thing. A man unequipped to progress intellectually is not truly educated, but this progress requires a never-ending refreshment of memory. The Office serves to keep the priest mentally and spiritually fit to make his knowledge an active and living thing, and to dispose him better to employ the graces given him for performance of his duties.

Of these duties certain ones are common, others vary according to position. The requirements of a pastor differ in many degrees from those of a priest in mission countries; a navy chaplain's schedule vastly differs from that of a priest-professor.

During the centuries many with priestly vocations desired a fuller withdrawal from the world. They adopted a rule of community life, officially approved by the Church, primarily characterized by vows of obedience and

poverty, in addition to that of celibacy.

Because this life has its own ranks and disciplines, similar to that of an army and in many ways stricter, its organization is termed a Religious Order, Society or Congregation. Ordained members are called Religious, or Order, priests, to distinguish them from the diocesan, or secular, priests. They are distinguished essentially by details of the rules under which members live, the purposes for which they were organized, and the solemnity of their two special vows, obedience and poverty, which may vary both in duration and degree of binding force.

In monastic societies, there are both priests and members who, while not aspiring to the priesthood, take the same vows and participate in all practices of religious life in their Community. And there are still other monastic Orders whose members devote themselves to the contemplative life for the perfection of their souls and the benefit of fellow members in the mystical Body, for whom they constantly pray. Again, there are Religious Societies composed entirely of men, none of them priests, who take the three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, live a community life, and engage in some special work of the Church. They are known as Brothers.

Paralleling brotherhoods are Religious Congregations of women known as nuns, or, more colloquially, as Sisters. Essentially their way of life is similar to Orders of men and, in most instances, they have adopted the rule

of some corresponding men's Order: Dominican, Franciscan, Carmelite, and many whose names do not designate the origin of the rule that is followed.

The work of members of Religious Societies and Congregations fundamentally comes under the headings of prayer and corporal and spiritual works of mercy. In certain Societies and Congregations the entire community, aside from privately offered prayers, daily recites or chants the Office which the diocesan priest reads daily and privately, and which is divided so that a portion is said at regular intervals throughout the 24 hours. Such an Order as the Carmelite, indeed, makes prayer and contemplation the prime purpose of organization, prayer which is not directed selfishly to the individual, but to the greater honor and glory of God, the well-being of all members of the mystical Body, and the reclaiming of all into Christ's kingdom.

So far have the good works of these men and women penetrated into all the nooks and crannies of the life of the world that today comparatively few persons are unaware of their humble, self-effacing labor. The Religious, a term applied to all men and women who have put aside the things of the world to devote themselves more exclusively to the service of God and fellow men, are known everywhere for charitable works: their care of the sick in hospitals and leper colonies; relief of the poor and homeless in orphanages and asylums; zeal in preach-

ing the faith which has carried tens of thousands to arduous toil in mission lands; and tremendous contributions to education in every field.

In whatever chapter of the history of the Christian era one reads, these men and women will appear again and again, always in the van of western civilization, often going before the pioneers, leaving behind both visible and intangible monuments. All ages and lands have seen persecutions in which they have enriched the Church with the blood and glory of martyrs.

Their heroism has been matched by diocesan priests, many of whom, too, have suffered a bloody martyrdom and all of whom have suffered a martyrdom of spirit. This Christ foretold, "He that heareth you heareth Me: and he that despiseth you despiseth Me: and he that despiseth Me despiseth Him that sent Me." He taught them to practice all the virtues and stressed the importance of humility when He answered the disciples, who were exulting in their newly exercised power, with the rebuke, "I saw Satan like lightning fall from heaven."

That all priests do not practice all the virtues, that some have fallen into grave and scandalous error, are facts which no serious person would deny. From the earliest days priests have been guilty even of heresy—indeed, all the greatest heresies of Christendom have been started or promoted by priests—but like dead branches they have been pruned from the vine. Some have sinned against chastity notorious-

ly and privately, and committed other personal sins. There is nothing in these facts that should dismay a Catholic, nothing that was not foreseen by Christ Himself. When He stipulated that His Church was to be continued and governed by men, He was aware that the greatest human vigilance could not altogether exclude the unworthy. He showed this in the example of Judas, an Apostle He Himself selected. As there is exemplified in Judas "the exception that proves the rule," so the exceptionally few faithless priests emphasize the millions who have been steadfast.

Priests have had the respect and obedience in spiritual matters of their flocks of every generation. As a spiritual Father, a priest rightly commands

obedience from his spiritual children in all pertaining to the Church, the teaching and the practice of faith and morals. In exclusively secular or mundane affairs, the priest enjoys no authority over the faithful and would be presumptuous did he try to wield any. Yet his words of counsel deserve the respect that goes inseparably with his high office.

The privilege of the priest is one of the greatest given to man, a privilege which the angels themselves do not enjoy. He is *alter Christus*, another Christ, by whose actions and words the sublime and majestic sacrifice of the mercy and love of God is offered. He prays the Lord of All to stoop to the altars of His Church, bridging heaven and earth, lifting from earth to heaven the adoration of men.



The Missa Aurea, Golden Mass, was one that used to be celebrated on the Wednesday of the Ember days of Advent in honor of the Mother of God. It was a solemn high Mass of the most gorgeous kind, often protracted to four hours' length in order to give full sway to the ceremonies and music. The bishop and all his canons assisted at it, as well as the members of the different Religious communities of the place where it was celebrated. It was customary, too, to distribute gifts, and those very often of the costliest kind, among the people who assisted at it; and from the nature and excellence of the mystery in honor of which it was offered, the text in the missal used to be written in letters of gold, hence its name. Traces of this Mass may be witnessed yet here and there through Germany; but at the Church of St. Gudule, in Brussels, the Mass is celebrated regularly Dec. 23. Thousands assist each year.

From *History of the Mass* by John O'Brien (Benziger, 1922).

Sister cat and brother dog

Children and Pets

By

AULEEN BORDEAUX EBERHARDT

Condensed from the
*Christian Science Monitor**



THERE comes a time in the experience of every mother when she must answer this important question, "Shall I permit my child to have a pet?" Some mothers unhesitatingly give a negative answer. They believe that pets make too much work. However, after years of contact with other mothers and from personal experience with my own sons, I am convinced that the normal child longs for a pet to feed and care for, to play with and to call his own.

Pets can play an important part in character building. Roy was the only child of middle-aged parents; he was timid and didn't make friends easily. He was lazy and wouldn't put away his toys or hang up his clothes. His mother indulged his every whim except one; she refused to let him have a dog. She believed that a dog would play havoc with her smoothly running household. Roy's father was indifferent. His idea of making Roy happy was to buy him an expensive book or toy or give him a dollar to spend. It never occurred to him that Roy needed some responsibility, such as the care of a pet would entail.

One day Roy brought a dog home from school. It was a gaunt, ragged

animal, part Shepherd, part Airedale. His mother gave it one glance, and then had the maid chase it away. Roy, who was only 8, cried bitterly.

The next day the dog came home from school with him again, hungrier and shaggier than ever. Roy went into the house. He took his sidewalk bicycle, coaster wagon, softball and baseball bat, football and helmet, his fleet of toy trucks, and his choicest books. He put them together on a pile in the playroom, then he called his mother. "You can give all of these away to other children," he said. "I just want a dog." His mother relented. "Keep him," she said. But she added, "Take care of him yourself. If he causes trouble, he'll have to go."

Roy was delighted. He fed the dog, found a box in the basement and made him a bed, and then, with the aid of the maid, who liked animals, washed his new possession. He named the dog Tige. After a few weeks of good care and food, Tige's lean body filled out and his coat improved. He went to school each day with Roy. Children who had never paid any attention to Roy now stopped to talk to him, and he began to make friends.

Roy was devoted to the dog. He no

*Boston, Mass. April 12, 1947.

longer fussed and whined for new playthings. He was surprisingly obedient. His mother could not fail to notice the change for the better. She decided that if Tige could make so great a change in Roy, she could change, too. So she allowed Tige to come into the house, and gave him the run of the recreation room. She was repaid for her acceptance of the dog when a few weeks later Roy, who had been lazy about the home, asked his father for extra jobs so that he could earn money to buy Tige a handsome collar.

Shortly afterwards, in response to Roy's pleadings, his parents started to take Sunday hikes with him, the dog, and a couple of friends. Meanwhile, Roy continued to improve in many little ways. Eventually the dog was a means of awakening Roy's parents to the fact that their son needed their companionship and not just their gifts. Today Roy is a manly lad of 16, and Tige is an ancient dog, beloved by the whole family.

I particularly recall the case of Julie, a pretty little girl of 12, who wanted a kitten. Her father and mother disliked pets of any kind. For years Julie had asked for a kitten on birthdays and at Christmas, without results. Finally she saved a dollar and bought a Persian kitten she had seen advertised.

Her mother's first impulse was to get rid of the animal at once, but, being a fair-minded woman, she decided to let Julie have her pet. She soon noticed a change in Julie. The child's school-work improved; she came home without loitering; she helped with the

housework cheerfully; and she won honorable mention for a drawing of her kitten in the Junior Art Exhibit.

Neighborhood children who hadn't played much with Julie now often came to the house to enjoy her pet. Interest in the little animal, which speedily grew into a beautiful red-gold cat, helped Julie in many ways. Goldie's mistress is 18 now. She is a poised, unselfish girl, and Goldie probably had more to do with this than anyone knows.

A mother of four young lads, described by their teachers as being "wild as hares," had a hard time keeping them at home during vacations and after school hours. They had swings and a trapeze, a sliding board, and all kinds of toys, but the other fellow's yard looked better to them. One night their mother read a magazine article on raising rabbits. Next day, she went to a pet shop and came home with two rabbits. Her sons, the oldest of whom was 10 and the youngest 6, yelled with joy. Then and there they started to make a rabbit hutch. The rabbits shifted the center of interest to home. The boys fed and cared for their pets, and entertained the neighborhood children in their yard. The whole venture has proved a steadying influence.

Pets can be an excellent means of helping children to assume responsibility, and of bringing out good qualities, particularly the virtues of kindness and unselfishness. They mean work, of course, but the wise parent places the extra duties where they belong, on the shoulders of the chil-

dren who own the pets. The child's character is not benefited if the mother feeds the dog or cat, cleans the rabbit hutch or changes the water in the gold-fish bowl. Children who wish to keep a pet must learn to care for him.

Of course, discretion must be used in getting pets for children. A kitten should not be given to the child who is so young he mauls and squeezes it. A small boy must not be given a dog

until he is old enough to be taught to be good to his pet.

Animals, especially dogs, are generally devoted to the children who own them. But children must merit this devotion by feeding and watering them, and above all, treating them with kindness. Parents must supervise the care of pets and see to it that children assume the responsibility that goes with owning them.



Hoist on His Own Petard

August Vollmer is the world's greatest police authority, the father of modern police systems and training.

For 30 years, untempted by offers from cities all over the world, Vollmer remained in Berkeley, a master craftsman building an army of crime fighters. His search for new weapons never flagged. One day Vollmer heard about some army tests which indicated that a man's blood pressure changed if he told a lie.

Vollmer gave the information to a young rookie named John Larson, who promptly disappeared into the university physics laboratory. A week later he emerged with a queer-looking machine which, he said, could simultaneously record a subject's respiration, blood pressure, and pulse rate. Larson fastened straps around his arm and chest. "Ask me some questions, chief," he said, "and watch the needle."

Several nights previously there had been a burglary in Larson's district, while, contrary to regulations, he was in a restaurant having a quick snack. By chance, Vollmer had seen him there, but said nothing at the time. Now he grinned at John. "All right," he said. "You were off your beat during the burglary the other night, weren't you?"

"No, sir," Larson said with a straight face.

The recording needle jumped violently and Larson looked at it popeyed. "The darn thing works, doesn't it?" he blurted. And so, ironically, the first victim of the first lie detector was the inventor himself.

Duncan Jennings in the *Progressive* (31 March '47).

Planning Parenthood

By RAYMOND O'CONNOR

ONE Monday night last January in the Springfield, Ill., Knights of Columbus clubrooms four young fellows were slouched in chairs around a table, waiting for something to happen. A fifth, entering the room, approached the group. "Hey! Where are all the gals tonight? I've called just about everyone I know. No dice. They're all out somewhere—but where?" "Take it easy," one of the four answered. "Sit down. The gals are all together, attending a 'Marriage Clinic.' Until it's over we're just a bunch of widowers—at least on Monday nights."

In February the scene was repeated in reverse. The girls played at widows and the boys attended the clinic. This is how it all came about.

Everyone with eyes and ears and a social conscience even faintly awake realizes that marriage today is a sick institution. The cold black-and-white statistics show that one out of every three marriages ends in divorce. The statistics should blast the most lethargic social conscience into complete awakeness—and some positive action. Something has to be done. The question is what and by whom.

In their own bailiwick, at least, the directors and officers of the Springfield Catholic Youth Organization and Diocesan Council of Catholic Women felt that they had some responsibility to answer that second question. They also

decided that the logical approach to the first question was to start with the fact that marriage was indeed sick and that there are two recognized measures for the treatment of any disease: remedial and preventive. With the approbation and encouragement of Springfield's progressive Bishop James A. Griffin, the two organizations set about applying two methods to the problem at hand: Cana conferences, those remedial, for those already married; marriage clinics, preventive, for those about to be married in the near or distant future.

They started with the second. A "clinic," says the dictionary, "is the instruction of a class by the examination and treatment of patients in its presence." At a medical clinic the class is usually composed of future medics, and its purpose is to teach them how to cure those who have contracted disease. At the marriage clinic the class would be possible "patients," and its purpose would have to be to teach them how not to contract the disease and not become actual patients.

Their idea was not completely original. Something similar had already been successfully promoted in Brooklyn and other dioceses.

The sponsors set out to counteract the pagan with the Christian, to substitute the true for the false, to replace selfishness with sacrifice, and to con-

vert a purely pragmatic code of behavior into action on Christian principles. In marriage attitudes this would mean stressing that marriage is a God-given career in life, rather than a man-made arrangement of convenience; that sex is a divinely planned instrument for fulfilling the first purpose of marriage; that love is spelled "s-a-c-r-i-f-i-c-e," marriage being a truly cooperative venture of give-and-take, with the accent on the "give"; that money is necessary to *run* the home, but must not *ruin* it; and that there are certain definite laws, eternal, natural, positive, that bind all men, at all times and in all places.

Those points were chosen as the framework for the clinical instructions. No illusions were ever entertained by the sponsors that the fixing of such ideas and ideals in youthful, susceptible minds would be a simple procedure, a matter of overnight transformation easily accomplished through a series of talks. Preparation for marriage is actually a lifelong process. In fact, hereditary influences are such a definite factor, it starts even before birth. But with all the training that youth receives, at home, school, church, at work and play, no one would venture to say he has received too much instruction. The Springfield marriage clinic was scheduled according to the lines of a four-week lecture course, with one lecture a week, followed by a question-and-answer period and open discussion.

The first session was entitled *Marriage Is a Career*, and was conducted

by the priest-director of the two sponsoring organizations. This lecture stressed the divine origin and purposes of marriage, its nature as a career in life and as a means of saving one's soul, and the practical aspects not merely of getting the right partner in marriage, but chiefly of being the right partner for somebody else. It was fundamental and set the scene for what was to follow.

A Catholic Doctor Explains was both the title and substance of the second lecture. Selecting a speaker for this lecture was one of the major problems of the sponsors. The doctor had to be a good speaker. While preserving due respect for the sensibilities of his audience and for the virtue of modesty, he had to present a clear and complete picture of the facts that every girl should know. He had to cover all the necessary physical and psychological ground, and stress the point that marriage is for grownups, physically, mentally, and emotionally.

The choice fell on Dr. Raymond J. McGann, a young Springfield surgeon, a newcomer to the city after three years of service in the Navy. His background included graduation from Northwestern University School of Medicine, three years residency at the Desloge hospital in St. Louis, and membership on the board of directors of the American College of Surgeons. To illustrate his lecture he used both slides and talking pictures.

Romance and Reality, the third session, was a dual lecture. The first part was concerned with "making a go of

marriage," getting along with both husband and children, the happiness which marriage may bring as an expression of woman's natural instincts, and the importance of confidence in divine providence. Mrs. C. J. Brahler, a representative Catholic wife, and mother of nine children, handled this subject very well from the wealth of her own personal experience, as well as observation.

The second part dealt with the reality of money matters, of budgeting to run the home according to one's means, with all the practical problems of buying and beautifying. The speaker was the wife of Doctor McGann, a young and attractive mother of two children, with an experienced background of social study and work.

Just as it was considered logical to open the clinic with a priest-lecturer, so was it deemed expedient thus to close it. There were bound to be many loose ends to be tied up compactly and authoritatively. The doctor, for example, expressly confined his talk to the scientific aspects of husband-wife sexual relationships. All moral questions were specifically deferred until the last session. This was *The Marriage Code*, and the speaker was Father Michael Owen Driscoll, vice-chancellor of the Springfield diocese. To his regular clerical training was added his experiences in the chancery office and a realistic but sympathetic understanding of the many problems encompassed by marriage laws, divine and human, natural and positive, civil and ecclesiastic. The discussion of matters per-

mitted and denied by those laws included the marriage debt, birth control and periodic continence, mixed marriages, separation and divorce, impediments and dispensations.

Mimeographed outlines of each talk, three to five pages in length, were presented before the talk began, to each one who attended. The listeners were thus able to follow the talk clearly, to make notes if so inclined, and later to have the outline both to refer to and to show to someone else. They would also help solve any future questions of what was actually said. Numerous requests for additional copies to give to friends were received and granted.

Each person also received before each talk a plain index card upon which to write any question she might wish answered. This permitted the questioner to remain anonymous and also gave the lecturer the opportunity of grouping the questions for answering. The listeners were reminded frequently that if they completed the whole course with any marriage question whatsoever left unanswered, it would be their own fault. They had only to ask. Each speaker devoted one hour to the body of the talk and another hour to questions. Each session had its quota of questions, the last one naturally having the largest.

After the course had been outlined and speakers engaged, the big question was how to get the unmarried girls, for whom the clinic was intended, to come. It was a matter of advertising. Four approaches were used: parish announcements; small explanatory fold-

ers which were sent to about 300 on the Catholic Business Girls list; ads and news stories which were run in both the local and diocesan papers; and posters, which were placed around town, in "Coke" bars, eating places, familiar "hangouts" of the young people, and in the powder rooms of the larger office buildings, factories, and the State Capitol. (All this in the beginning; later, word-of-mouth advertising was to take care of everything.) But for the first lecture there was no way of determining, or even guessing, just how many would attend. The invitation was extended to all unmarried girls, seniors in high school and older. It was open to the public, regardless of race or creed, and no admission was charged.

Springfield, the state capital, has a population of 95,000. There are ten Catholic churches. The opening night, preparations were made for about 100. The CYO clubrooms, where all sessions were scheduled to be held, would seat about 150. A half-hour before the lecture was to start, every inch of the rooms was filled. Girls were standing in the hall, on the stairway, in all corners, sitting on the floor, on tables and window sills. Extra registration cards and copies of the lecture outlines were hastily mimeographed, even while the talk was going on. The total attendance that night was about 300.

For the following weeks arrangements were made to use the finest auditorium in the city, the Centennial auditorium in the Capitol, which has a seating capacity of 625. The night of

the second session, the doctor's talk, more than 700 attended, once more overflowing actual seating space. The third session took place on a cold, windy, snowy night. More than 500 braved the elements to attend. And on the fourth night, the audience was the largest of all.

Each girl was asked to register. An estimated 200 to 300 declined, but 662 did. Of these, 143 were non-Catholic: Presbyterian, Evangelical, Methodist, Lutheran, Baptist, Christian, Nazarene, Congregational, Disciples of Christ, and United Brethren. Perhaps 50 or 60 were colored. Catholics represented every parish in the city, and 132 of them were girls who work in Springfield, live there during the week, but return to their home towns on week ends. They retain their loyalties to the home parish and rarely are reached by any form of Catholic program in the city. In all, between 800 and 900 attended one or more sessions.

Before the girls' clinic was over, the boys, the "Monday night widowers," were asking for a clinic for themselves. The CYO, in cooperation with the Knights of Columbus, provided it. The same speakers, with the exception of two men, a lawyer and insurance man, who substituted for the women speakers, were employed. Then the show took to the road. In succeeding months three other clinics have been conducted in other parts of the diocese, with similar reception and proportionate attendance. In Decatur, the non-Catholic attendance outnumbered the Catholic.

It is difficult to judge success by attendance records. Perhaps the real results will not appear until those who attended have raised their own children to marrying age. But the immediate effects have been most favorable. The following incident was something in the way of a payoff. At the final session of the first clinic, one of the young Negro women who had attended all the sessions stopped to express her appreciation. She requested per-

mission to take several copies of the outlines with her. She said her minister had agreed to a run a clinic in their church. The following Sunday, a headlined article appeared in the Springfield paper:

MARRIAGE AS A CAREER TO BE DISCUSSED

A discussion of "Marriage as a Career" will be held at 8:45 P.M. tomorrow at the Union Baptist church, sponsored by the usher club, as the opening session of its marriage clinic. . . .



"Be It Ever So Humble . . ."

Before the happy termination of the Battle of the Clouds on Onna Taka, Okinawa, there occurred one of those incongruous events which can take place only under war conditions.

The war had ended in Europe. Already there was much talk of some of our officers and men being rotated and sent home. The regiment had already been overseas more than three years, had been through several combats, and few had been on leave or furlough for over four years. Orders came through from higher headquarters to poll the officers and men on whether they wished to continue in the service or be discharged. This was just a tentative gesture for purposes of future planning. And so word of this was radioed up to Onna Taka from below.

Picture the scene. Our line officers and men are on the slope of Onna Taka. It had been raining miserably for several days. Clouds still hung low,

and a constant mist seemed to distill from them. Miserable, dismal, funereal—these words do not describe the completely depressing atmosphere.

Our line officers and men crouched in their foxholes. They were filthy and dirty; tired, haggard, bearded; mud covered them from head to foot; and water half filled their mudhole homes. Their food supplies were dwindling, water was scarce. Some of their buddies had just been killed or wounded. The Japanese position seemed impregnable; mortar shells fell around them, rifle and machine-gun bullets sped by their ears.

At this juncture, in obedience to orders from higher headquarters, somebody crawled from foxhole to foxhole, and in a soft whisper through cupped hands, asked each line officer and man, "Do you want to stay in the army, or would you like to go home?"

C. Duhart in the *Liguorian* (April '47).

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us. If you wish to order direct from publisher, addresses given are adequate.]

Budenz, Louis Francis. *THIS IS MY STORY*. New York: Whittlesey House. 379 pp. \$3. Progress of a Catholic to the high councils of American communism, and his return to the Church when he found no place for freedom, honor, or intellectual consistency in the Red fold.

THE CATHOLIC BOOKLIST, 1946. Edited by Sister Mary Luella, O.P., and Sister Mary Peter Claver, O.P. River Forest, Ill.: Rosary College. 92 pp., paper. 50¢. Excellent annotated list of recent worth-while books on all subjects. A guide for the individual reader and for library committees.

Diefenbach, Gabriel. *COMMON MYSTIC PRAYER*. Paterson, N. J.: St. Anthony Guild Press. 128 pp. \$1.50. In place of mere thoughts about Him, God sometimes grants us a certain direct loving contact with Himself, called mystic prayer. This is less rare than often supposed, and the author would have us recognize and appreciate it.

Dolan, Albert H., O. Carm. *MATT TALBOT, ALCOHOLIC*. Englewood, N. J., and Chicago: Carmelite Press. 47 pp. Cloth, \$1; paper, 50¢. First American life of the penitent alcoholic; the informative process for his beatification has reached Rome, where it awaits the apostolic process.

Hyde, Walter Woodburn. *ANCIENT GREEK MARINERS*. New York: Oxford University Press. 360 pp., maps. \$5. Hardy, inquisitive adventure in what we now consider the little world of antiquity. But the Greeks had ventured into the Atlantic and Indian oceans, and Phoenician contemporaries seem to have circumnavigated Africa in the 7th century B. C.

MacManus, Seumas. *THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN*, New York: Devin Adair. 324 pp. \$3. This story of a storyteller's Ireland, now out of print, from which we condensed a chapter last month, is, we are now reminded, to be republished in September. Worth waiting for.

Meynell, Francis. *ENGLISH PRINTED BOOKS (Britain in Pictures)*. London: Collins. 47 pp., illus. \$1.50. Short illustrated history of the art of printing in England. By the son of the poetess, Alice Meynell, famous in his own right for restoring typographical excellence to the average-priced book.

Murphy, Richard T., O.P., translator. *PERE LAGRANGE AND THE SCRIPTURES*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 216 pp. \$3.75. Amazing work of French scholar whose four decades of research in Palestine reversed the skeptical trend of Bible studies and showed that history supports Old and New Testament narratives.

THE PSALMS; a New Translation, by Ronald Knox. New York: Sheed & Ward. 239 pp. \$2. The psalms in pulsing, vigorous English. Language, type, format of this little volume invite meditation on David's ancient themes.

Storm, Colton, & Peckham, Howard. *INVITATION TO BOOK COLLECTING; Its Pleasures and Practices; with Kindred Discussions of Manuscripts, Maps, and Prints*. New York: Bowker. 281 pp. \$5. Interesting, well-considered information on the gathering of books: fields of interest, points that determine value, and methods of search and purchase.

Small, Perry E. *BRAILLE MUSIC THEORY FOR BEGINNERS*. 401 5th Ave., New York: American Red Cross. 25¢. World-wide response to publication of this volume was so overwhelming that a second edition is in prospect.

(Continued from outside back cover)

and mother, teacher and student with Catholic information to impart to neighbor and fellow-commuter in interesting conversational exchange. It is a source of information that makes for militant Catholicity rather than for belligerent imposition of truth. Its presentation of capital and labor in conflict is usually in the form of a statistical report which leaves the verdict to the logic of the reader. Its analysis of Soviet inconsistencies is decidedly laboratorial, but it has a talent for treating the ponderous platitudes of parlor pinks with the delicate touch of the nurse who labors in the psychiatric ward and veils her amused interest in the antics of her charges.

It is unique in the gift of selecting a chatty report of the intimate traits and routine of popular idols while abstaining totally from anything that might suggest a gossipy flavor. It is as unique as a Lowell Thomas broadcast in the latter's talent for doing a monologist role while his audience feels that it is participating in a conversational exchange.

Editors and publishers of other magazines appreciate the CATHOLIC DIGEST as a literary Hall of Fame. Writers find in each issue an opportunity to study the type of contribution that has a current market value. They find evidence of an editorial readiness to recognize surpassing merit in contributions published by magazines of lesser circulation. They can study the cream of current literary output and find evidence of the encouraging truth that all editors are praying harder for good material than writers for a place in print. Writers also find evidence of the conscientious discernment used by editors in giving preference to material which is superior in content and style over manuscripts of lesser merit presented by writers with established names.

This conscience-inspired appreciation of the CATHOLIC DIGEST may leave in some readers the impression of being a bit intemperate in lauding what is nothing more than an organ which meets the Catholic standard. But the sure-fire way of making kindred enthusiasts out of them is to remind them that the CATHOLIC DIGEST is unique in its genius for selecting and purveying the choicest current wisecracks and humorous episodes. What a step forward!

—JOHN BERNARD KELLY.

An Appreciation

From the spiritual director of the
Catholic Writers Guild of America

IT OFTEN takes more courage to look a man in the eye and express truth that is complimentary than it does to do the other thing. The recipient of the tribute is called to perform the bolder role of the martyr who laughs it off. Hence, to the men behind the CATHOLIC DIGEST my apologies for presenting the following acknowledgment of its unusual contribution to writers as well as readers.

Regularly, men in the secular press, screen, stage and radio worlds tell me that the CATHOLIC DIGEST takes the place of what they have felt to be a vital need in the Church: local, accessible centers of information on current questions involving Catholic teaching or opinion. They feel that it is as catholic in its scope of topics as it is Catholic in its orthodoxy.

"Tell me what you eat and I'll tell you what you are" is a homely old adage which pops up as soon as one considers the two words, CATHOLIC DIGEST. Each issue is an index of what Catholics like to eat and shows that Catholics are discerning in their diet. Each presents a survey not only of the current Catholic fare served by our own press, but of the fine food to be found in many of our leading secular publications. Each demonstrates an unusual editorial talent for selecting data and opinion on current issues that click with a reader who would rank as one of the intelligent rather than as one of the intelligentsia. The CATHOLIC DIGEST presents vital data and official opinion more in the merry mood of Information Please than in the stentorian dicta of an editor releasing apocalyptic warnings to nodding rulers.

The CATHOLIC DIGEST meets the needs of the armchair addict who would like to be considered as a Catholic capable of holding the attention of specialists in spheres intellectual. It equips father

(Continued on inside back cover)